

THE ILLUSTRATED Newspaper.

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MADLE. CORNEILLE D'ANKA.—From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliot & Fry.

HARD SCHOOLING FOR INFANTS.

It is full time we had compulsory education. Not alone for learning's sake is it wanted, but for the emancipation of tender infancy from slavery. If the State do not seize upon the children of the nation almost from the period of suckling, and carry them off to school, the poor babes will be put into bondage that will be certain to cripple their lives and to rob them of the fairest portion of the inheritance to which they have a claim by reason of their appearance in the world. Here is an extract from the last Government report of the Inspectors of Factories. It refers to the business of straw-plaiting in Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire:—

It has been stated of the parents of the children in these straw plaiting schools that they have the disposition to turn such children to account at the earliest age physically possible, if not for the sake of any present appreciable advantage, yet with the hope of making them earlier a source of profit. "I have seen," says Mr. White, one of the Children's Employment Commissioners, "children of only three years old—indeed, one between two and three years old—set to work;" and it is stated by several witnesses that children usually begin plaiting at four years old, and even at three and a half.

Let us confess that we have very little patience with any proposed compromise with respect to this infantile slavery. We will not recognise the difficulties which these inspectors seem to perceive lying in the way of the putting of an entire stoppage upon these abominations. There is a good deal in the report about the financial necessities of the parents, the scanty wages of the father—insufficient to provide food for the household; and here, in this Blue-book, are vague suggestions about "remedial measures to be adopted in order that the utmost benefit may be bestowed on these little workers by the Workshops Regulation Act, without interfering too severely with so peculiar an industry, without increasing the poverty of the parental household by reducing its aggregate wages, and yet without failure to the advantage of education which the Act is calculated to confer."

We protest against all this pleading for the half-and-half continuance of a system which ought to be absolutely abolished. It is bad political economy to talk of "not interfering too severely with so peculiar an industry," and it is not less fallacious in principle to propose to avoid the mischief of "increasing the poverty of the parental household by reducing its aggregate wages." Let us examine for a moment these two obstacles which are supposed to prevent the abolition of infant slavery.

First, as to the "peculiar industry." Must babes two, three, and four years of age be kept at work in a factory in the interest of a "peculiar industry"? Suppose we let the peculiar industry take care of itself? Suppose we say that the physical, moral, and intellectual welfare of these babes is of some considerable importance, and that it does not really matter very much what becomes of straw plaiting? We think we hear some wise economist declaring that upon straw plaiting depends the daily bread of a large number of poor families; but we reply that there is a good deal of ingenuity running to waste in this country: let it occupy itself in finding out some other machinery than baby fingers for doing the work. Our friend the economist, if he refers to his experience and to the abundant testimony of facts, will discover that articles of manufacture for which there is a demand always manage to get themselves made somehow. Although we would, if it seemed necessary for the sake of these children, put an end altogether to plaited straw, and let the world manage to do without it, we have no belief whatever in any harm befalling that department of manufacture by reason of the withdrawal of infant labour. If the work cannot be done by means of some mechanical contrivance, then let older people be employed upon it; and if we are told that this would increase very much the market price of the article, we reply, Let the price be increased; and if we are, again, met with the argument that at higher prices plaited straw would not find buyers because some other article costing less money would be used by purchasers as a substitute—then there is the obvious rejoinder that it will be as well for people in general that that article should supersede plaited straw and that labour should find its way into the new channel. Fashion, every season, throws a certain number of workers in particular departments out of employment, and renders a number of people busy in some other direction; and why should not an Act of Parliament be permitted to do the same thing—not in order to give variety to the costume of the people, but in order to spare so many babes from the servitude?

So much for the interests of a "peculiar industry." Next comes the question of reducing the aggregate wages of the poor man's household. This seems a delicate point. It is one, however, which we must not be afraid to attack, and it must be attacked roughly. When we see infants less than three years of age set to work in order to help provide bread for the family, we are tempted to ask, What would happen if the law stepped in and prevented these children from being set to work? Well, the people could not be much poorer than they are. They are already driven to the utmost shifts in

order to exist. Take away the babe's wages, and we are assured that they would not have food enough to eat. Then, we say, when it came to that an alteration would certainly take place somewhere. Either wages in other directions would have to be raised, or these people would throw up altogether and go into the union-house, or seek better fortune in some other way. Things would find their level. The tendency of the machinery of society is to grind as much as possible out of the poor who labour; let the law step in and declare that this or that particular form of grinding shall go on no longer, and thereupon a certain amount of pressure is removed; a change of some sort takes place; the price of a particular form of labour rises; the cost in the market of certain manufactured articles is enhanced. If we would improve the condition of the poor, we must operate by direct Parliamentary interference with what the poor are doing.

If we consider for a moment how illogical is the position we shall not be induced to contend that these poor infants should be left at their work. Let the question be put: Are there not able-bodied people enough in the country to do the country's work? The answer is that the supply of labourers is abundant. Large numbers have nothing to do. Thousands emigrate every year. London and every large town is overburdened with penniless loafers who perform no sort of useful labour whatever. Then, why work the young children? These babes are keeping employment out of the hands of able-bodied men and women. They obstruct the wholesome flow of the stream of employment. Let them be removed, and the waters will find a better level.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

QUIET DAYS.

LONDON is under a sort of spell. We do not publicly talk of Christmas to any great extent as yet, but the festival is occupying the minds of almost everybody. We look forward with a kind of benevolent gloominess—feeling dull as regards the present and not quite sure with respect to what is in store for us in the days that ought, by the authority of tradition, to be very merry. We have nothing special to complain of. We know of no particular reason why Christmas 1871 should not be the joviallest of any of recent date; but somehow we seem to have no sufficient assurance of the fact. We find people in the streets, in the trains, in the omnibuses, taking the coming season very quietly, as if they were not exactly sceptical, but willing to accept without actual discontent such fate as fate may have in store. Last Christmas was a muddle and a discomfort. It happened on Sunday; and a foggy, colder, more utterly wretched Sunday and Christmas Day surely never befel three millions of unfortunate Christians. We have had a good deal of winter already in this present autumn. There have been plenty of fogs, of frosts, and of misty, uncomfortable days—which of them is a pattern for the 25th of December now so close at hand? Nobody can tell us; but we have a fancy that, in spite of the quietude and dullness of the London population, this is to be an unusually excellent and happy festival. Perhaps we read the signs of the times contrariwise; but we will risk the prediction; if we should be wrong we shall find punishment enough in the repetition of a luckless season like that of 1870.

OLD HAYMARKET REMINISCENCES.

Most of us have no other recollections in connection with Her Majesty's Theatre than those of first-class opera; but there are different associations of the place, called to mind by the death, a few days ago, of one Mr. C. H. Adams. A portion of the story of this gentleman's life is happily indicated by Mr. E. L. Blanchard in a letter on "London Amusements" in the *Birmingham Gazette*:—

Many who are grave, revered seniors now were very little boys when they were first taken to Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket to see Mr. Adams's Orery. It was always a famous exhibition during Lent, in the old days when dramatic entertainments were prohibited on the Wednesdays and Fridays between Ash Wednesdays and Easter; and at the old King's Theatre, the Strand, or the Adelphi, you were pretty sure at this period to see announced the regularly recurring lecture on astronomy. As the theatre was always in darkness, many blushes arising from little innocent flirtations were happily invisible; but curiously mingled with impressions of the wonders of the starry heavens must be remembrances of gentle pressures of the hand when that dreadful comet of 1680 would look so awfully alarming, or the apparently reckless manner in which the asteroids would revolve about the primary planets required the manly support of a boy's arm around a young lady's waist to sustain a belief in the stability of the universe. About the last time Mr. C. H. Adams appeared at the Lenten season was at the Princess's Theatre in 1860. It was then he, in his thirtieth year. The discoveries which had resulted from the advances of science had enforced upon him the necessity of many new diagrams, and with the transparent moving scenery representing the course of the seasons, the theory of eclipses, and the now familiar illustrations of the influence of the sun and moon on the tides, some novel notions of the August and November meteors had to be pictorially promulgated. The rescinding of the old restrictions on the performances in "Passion" week proved fatal to the continuance of these astronomical lectures in theatres, and possibly the lecturer had then fulfilled his mission. At all events, the name of Mr. C. H. Adams was last week included in the newspaper obituary, and it would be a sin of omission on the part of any chronicler of "London Amusements" to let that name pass unassociated with a record of much good work done within the memory of a passing generation, and for which a grateful recognition is due.

A LITERARY FUSEE.

We have gossiped once or twice over the dramatic critiques of "Q." which appeared from time to time in the *Athenæum*. We took a prejudice against them from the first, because of the author's wholly unworthy notices of Robertson's plays. Let us now acknowledge that, in spite of faults of flippancy and a want of delicacy of feeling, there appears to be much valuable criticism in the articles now they are all before us in a book. "Q." has done a good deal of sparring with the dramatists of the day. Here is a little bit which comes out in the volume, and did not appear in the periodical papers:—

Mr. Charles Reade is a literary fusée. You have only to touch him, and he goes off. He reminds me, when he has a quarrel, of one of those nondescript dogs which one sometimes meets in out-of-the-way farm-houses in Wales. You accidentally rub against him, and the casual collision is resented. A gesture excites him. From good-nature you stroke him, in passing, and are rewarded with a yelp. The poor dog does not mean harm. It is his nature to yelp, and he yelps. This is the case with Mr. Reade. He prints the name of an antagonist in the smallest minion, and with picturesque emphasis places that of himself and those of his friends in the biggest capitals. Somebody says something somewhere of some play by him, and he proceeds to rail. He writes a novel that does not give complete satisfaction to everybody, and—he rails. He produces a play which the public does not altogether approve, and—he rails. He takes a theatre, and some capacious critic inconsiderately censures what is produced, and—he rails. He is perpetually railing.

This is rather trenchant writing. Let us confess that we hope it will bring out Mr. Reade. The famous novelist's sparring is fine sport to the spectators.

YOUNG DICKENS IN LONDON.

The publication of the first volume of Mr. John Forster's "Life of Dickens" makes fresh classic ground in London. The rooms in which the poor child of genius lived in an off-street in Camden Town, next door to a laundress; the house in Gower-street North, the coffee-houses in Maiden-lane and St. Martin's-lane, and many another place, noted now for the first time in connection with the remarkable and intensely miserable child-experience of the most successful author of modern times, will become famous.

THE DIPLOMATIC DIFFICULTY IN ROME.—The special correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing from Rome, Nov. 20th, says:—Father Becker and his Jesuit satellites are urging the poor old "prisoner" of Rome to abandon the Vatican on the day the Italian Parliament votes the law on the Church property. There is no doubt now that Rome is beginning to have quite the appearance of a civilised capital, that the position of the Pope does not appear to be so very clear and easy as it used to appear a month or two back. We are beginning to see the effects of this new and quite extraordinary situation, that of a double diplomatic representation in the same city. The Italian Parliament in voting the law on the Papal guarantees provided that the Pope might be allowed to have foreign representatives, which the Government and the Italian authorities would respect quite as much as those accredited to the Court of King Victor Emmanuel; and the object of these special diplomatic representatives was meant to be that of settling all questions of a religious character arising with the Holy See, which the Ambassador to the Italian Court would have little time or little disposition to attend to. Now, though several of the States have resolved on keeping at Rome a double representation, and the diplomatists accredited to the Holy See have special instructions only to treat questions of a religious character, the thing does not appear to work in a very satisfactory manner. I do not myself greatly believe in the rumour that the Pope has declared to the different States that he would not receive foreign representatives charged only with the mission of protecting the spiritual interests of their respective countries. Cardinal Antonelli knows too well that in all likelihood the only answer he would receive would be that if His Holiness refused to treat with any Ministers, such Ministers would simply be withdrawn. Besides this, there is no doubt that, whatever may be the ideas entertained respecting Count d'Harcourt's political and religious opinions, the Holy Father has up to this moment only received him in the character of Minister to the Holy See for religious matters, and not for temporal affairs. But the fact is that these Monsignori and prelates have such a particular way of getting over the persons dealing with them, that if ever this double representative system is put into operation, we may expect to see a French chargé d'affaires, and Austrian, Prussian, and American attaches, on the one side, standing up for Victor Emmanuel, while French and Austrian, Prussian and American representatives on the other side stand up for the Pope. The Emperor and Empress of Brazil are expected at Rome in a few days, and will be present at the opening of Parliament. Several newspapers have again taken up the old story that King Victor Emmanuel intends to abdicate. It is even reported that the King will conclude his speech in opening the Italian Parliament by announcing this fact. I need hardly say that the rumour is most absurd, and that the idea of abdication has never crossed the mind of the Sovereign. The police discovered the other day a most treacherous plot. Several men were surprised setting fire to a whole train of petroleum at the railway station, close to the place where all the furniture of the employes coming from Florence had been deposited. Many persons seem to be implicated in the deed, and the trial is to commence in a few days.

MR. PETER TAYLOR, in a letter to the Bolton Republican Club, says a second chamber is a mistake; and, in his opinion, they should not aim at reforming the House of Lords, but abolishing it altogether.

COUNTRY LIFE.

WARWICK CASTLE.

It is a reminiscence of country life that carries us back in imagination to Warwick Castle. The magnificent pile has been reduced this week by fire to a commonplace, worthless, unpicturesque ruin. We do not know how to picture the noble monument as it stands to-day. We can hardly find it in our minds to believe that so much irreparable mischief could be done in a few hours in the dead of night.

It is like the consuming of an old MS. library. Warwick Castle was a priceless volume of history, bound in stone—a work whereof there was only one copy extant in the world. To walk through the building was to wander in a vision of other centuries. Many show places are more or less a sham and a disappointment; it was not so with the castle consumed on Sunday. There was more to see, more to learn, more to wonder at and reflect upon than any previously uninitiated visitor would be likely to anticipate. So well preserved were not only the relics but the stories that were attached to them. Every helmet, every suit of armour, every sword and musket and pistol had a personality. They bore certain evidence to the form and size and strength of men of whom we have taken false notions from unfaithful pictures and lying statues. We could people the old times with these remnants as no story and no work of art could represent them. The paintings are saved, but not those most notable relics, and we can no longer illustrate our scanty knowledge of rare chapters in the story of our country with things which belonged to the men and women of those times. These were dumb witnesses to the ear, but eloquent to the imagination.

It is hard for those who have never spent half a day in the historic rooms of Warwick Castle to be told that the chance is past for ever; but somehow it is more painful still for those of us who have been there to be informed of the calamity that has befallen the place. We have done our share of sight-seeing, but there is nothing of the kind among our recollections we would not sooner such violence should have befallen. Not only so genuine was the spectacle in all its appointments and in all the facts which related to them, but it was an eminently beautiful place. It was a castle noble in its proportions, grand in the form and spaciousness of its apartments. It made a splendid figure in its grounds, overhanging the waters of the Avon; and from its windows, looking upon the stream through trees, the painter might select subjects almost unlimited for landscapes with mediæval accessories. The man of dull wits or inapt pencil might well be inspired in such a house and in the midst of such surroundings. Well, the trees are there, and the landscape, and the waters of the fair Avon—but no longer the noble rooms, and no longer the implements of old English warfare and the work of the handicraftsmen of three, four, five, and six centuries ago. Read this passage of the story of the day after the calamity:—

Yesterday workmen were busily engaged in clearing away the debris, still hot and smouldering, from the private apartments in the ruined east wing of the Castle, and the wrecked baronial hall, on the west of the grand entrance, which were totally destroyed by the fire. The floors of both portions of the building were covered, to the depth of several feet, with the charred fragments of the roof and other combustibles which had been consumed. The debris of the baronial hall were carefully searched for any relic of the armoury that adorned its walls which might have escaped total destruction from the flames. Some portions of suits of armour, helmets, blades, and of some portions of the furniture were discovered, bent, broken; and as they lay in a pile in the ruined hall, where they had been thrown for future examination, they appeared all but worthless. The walls of the great hall, stripped to the bare masonry, blackened and disfigured, are all that remain of the grand and spacious apartment, with its magnificent Gothic roof, and its exquisite carving. The Venetian marble floor, which was expressly prepared at Venice, has sustained considerable injury. Where the massive beams of the burning roof have fallen, the marble pavement is splintered and broken, and portions of it are disfigured by fire. The whole of the armour and other curiosities perished, with the exception of "The Battle of the Amazons on the Bridge," an exquisite piece of wood carving, after the painting by Rubens in the Munich gallery. The large dining hall, on the north of the baronial hall, is partially injured. The windows are broken away, and the fire apparently forced itself through the door from the baronial hall, and through the roof from the nursery above it. The greater part of the roof remains, though water was dripping from its pannelled gilt divisions.

There is not another so fine a castle of the old baronial type left in England. Ruins of more magnificent buildings are to be found here and there, but this was intact, in fine preservation, and the residence of an earl of a great line of peers whose name is one of the most famous in our history.

THE COUNTY.

Our county divisions are arbitrary; and yet how marked is the distinction between the people of one county and those of another. It would be trite to talk of the difference between a Yorkshireman and a Cornishman; but we need not go so far for distinctions. The men and women who live in adjoining shires are almost as strongly marked by their respective territories. Who in the Midlands does not know, for example, the characteristics of Hereford from those of Warwick? Is it not one thing to be a man of Lancashire, and quite another to hail from Cheshire? Somerset and Devon are neighbours, having very much in common, but sharp lines of character part them, nevertheless; and

those who know both will explain to you very learnedly their points of departure. It is the same, but perhaps in a stronger degree, in the case of Devon and Cornwall. He who knows the West and its inhabitants carries in his mind very different notions of the moods, the intelligence, and the habits of the three peoples. They might indeed be almost three nations.

We have a new Annual before us which calls to mind some of these peculiarities and distinctions. It is "Knights' County Handbook and Suffolk Almanack for 1872." This is a book that gathers up the people of Suffolk, as it were, into one fold, and ministers unto them for the forthcoming twelve months. It draws the line rigidly at the county landmarks. It offers no service to those outside the border, unless they want to do business with the inhabitants of Suffolk, or to be informed concerning them. And as we turn over these pages and think of the hints of old county history they give us, and remember the prime characteristics of the people, the fact becomes as patent here as anywhere else in England that the county marks the man. Suffolk is not as Essex is; nor does it bear any well-defined resemblance to Norfolk. There is a certain thinness in the Essex character which is not discernible in that of the intermediate county; and Norfolk, on the other hand, is something more burly and rough, and, to a certain degree, more substantial and slower to move, than Suffolk. Essex is flippant; Suffolk is steady; Norfolk is strong and heavy. Country life in the first is somewhat more lively, and in the third more well-to-do, than in the middle county. Town life in Essex is more antique and picturesque; in Norfolk more plain, utilitarian, and solid; in Suffolk more prosperous and more modern.

Look a little closely at Suffolk just now by the light of this useful handbook. Here is the peerage, baronetage, and knightage of the county. Duke of Grafton, Duke of Hamilton, Duke of Rutland, Marquis of Bristol, Earl of Stradbroke—these are quiet names, as far as public life is concerned. Suffolk is never in the front rank in imperial business. While a county like Devon furnishes Ministers and ex-Ministers and heads of Departments, leaders in the law, and men who are seen everywhere moving in the liveliest and most influential circles; Suffolk is minding its own affairs. It wonders greatly if anybody that belongs to it is ever heard of in the London papers. Its members of Parliament—Corrance, Mahon, Parker, Hervey, Greene, Harcastle, Barrington, Adair, West—where is the county of any size producing a list of so little significance in the eyes of the general community of the country? We can make nothing of an examination of the county's list of magistrates, its petty sessional divisions, its constabulary arrangements, its militia head-quarters, or its volunteer corps—except, with regard to the latter, to note that there is a blank place where the 12th corps should be, another for the 15th, and two more for the 18th and 19th. These are, no doubt, corps which have succumbed to adverse circumstances since the establishment of the force eleven years ago. Yet there are close upon 2,000 men in these battalions—which is a respectable provision for the protection of so much of our native land. The list of polling districts is not very suggestive to a stranger, but it is full of reminders of rich incidents to the native; and the schedule of Highway Boards reminds us of many a fierce internal conflict in that county between the advocates and the opponents of what some half dozen years ago was known as the New Highway Act. We may pick out the names here of the men who got themselves elected waywardens in order to obstruct the working of the Act; and can remember the annual dinners whereat peace was made between friends and foes. Then here is a table of tithe commutation. It shows that in the year 1871 a tithe rent charge of £100 has been worth £104 13s. 1d., and that is its highest equivalent since 1862, when its value was £109 13s. 6d. There was a time within the recollection of some of us when nothing was so unofficial as a Dissenter; and nobody had so little claim, apparently, to have his name or his religious organisation registered anywhere for public reference; but here, in this excessively business-like book, at the end of the clergy list, is a complete roll of the Nonconformist ministers of the county, followed by a calendar of Roman Catholic priests, whom the editor places by themselves, as if they were not Dissenters or Nonconformists. He does them more honour by the distinction than they have any claim to. In Suffolk the schoolmaster is evidently abroad; for, although there are only four School Boards, there is quite a noble-looking column of grammar schools, and an important table of educational establishments which sent pupils to the Cambridge University local examinations this year, while columns are given indicating the number and degree of honours achieved. It is astonishing how so quiet a county can manage to transact so much business in a year. These county court districts, these asylums, chambers and associations of agriculture, farmers' clubs, cottage allotment and horticultural societies, archaeological and religious institutes and associations for prosecuting felons; these Bible societies and Odd Fellows' Lodges, and hospitals, and yacht clubs, and cricket clubs and boating clubs, are bewildering;

and even more so is the table of Freemasonry, with its royal arch chapters, its knight templar encampments, its mark masters' lodges, its rose croix chapters, and its roll of fortunate hotels, where the dinners and the mysteries of Freemasonry are revealed to the heart's content of the initiated. It is really wonderful, when we come to look into it, how much machinery there is in the public and social life of a somewhat obscure and unpretending county in this little island. We will not pursue the investigation further in this place. If any reader wants to know more of what we may call the actual pulsations of the moment in every department of affairs in Suffolk that can in any way concern the inquirer we must refer him to "Knights' Handbook."

TRADESMEN'S PROFITS.

Certain tradesmen of Hereford seem to have let themselves into a "hole" with respect to the price of meat. It appears that the local Corporation advertised for tenders for the supply of a large quantity of meat of the best quality, and two butchers offered to meet the demand at 6d. per pound. This was all very well as far as the Corporation went, and was not bad news for the ratepayers; but it happens that the high price of meat is a grievance that has created a good deal of public comment in Hereford of late, and the revelation that it is possible to supply good beef and mutton at 6d. a pound has raised expectations on the part of the public which the butchers of the town will not like to be called upon to satisfy. One writer, addressing the editor of the *Hereford Journal*, says:—

A statement contained in your last week's issue, although not occupying four lines of your valuable space, is worth all the printing besides. It furnishes the delightful information that meat, so long above the reach of our purses, has come down at last to our pockets. That the fact is mentioned in connection with Corporation matters is a guarantee of its being correct. I have not the pleasure of a personal knowledge of Mr. John Pritchard and Mr. R. F. Whitcomb, but as they have intimated an intention to supply meat at 6d. per pound, I shall, as well as I can, endeavour to make it so, not only soon find them out, but subscribe, and very handsomely too, towards the clever to be presented them. I sincerely trust that this is only the beginning of a great reform, and that, before Parliament meets, the necessity for legislation will be gone. May the example of these butchers be infectious!

We congratulate these two tradesmen on the promised increase of custom at their establishments. If they do not make terms with the public, here is another suggestion, which, we fear, will not quite coincide with the notions of the butchers. The writer signs himself "Potatoes and Salt," and propounds what he calls a sum in the Rule of Three:—

As the school holidays are fast approaching, and as puzzles form a part of the Christmas interest, we wish to submit the following arithmetical questions to a number of juvenile students for the benefit of numberless parents. If private individuals can supply the Corporation of Hereford with meat at 6d. per lb., at what rate could it be sold by the Corporation, which possesses a capital slaughter-house, to private individuals? For those who are children of a larger growth, and are not schoolboys, we would ask this: Would it not be as well, when we have added the gas-works to the water-works, to buy up the business of our butchers? The hints which we get from time to time when tenders are sent in naturally make us anxious for a change. We have seen noticed in the *Journal* that Mr. John Pritchard and Mr. F. T. Whitcomb have offered to supply the Corporation with meat at 6d. per lb., and we wish the Corporation included besides thousands equally needy.

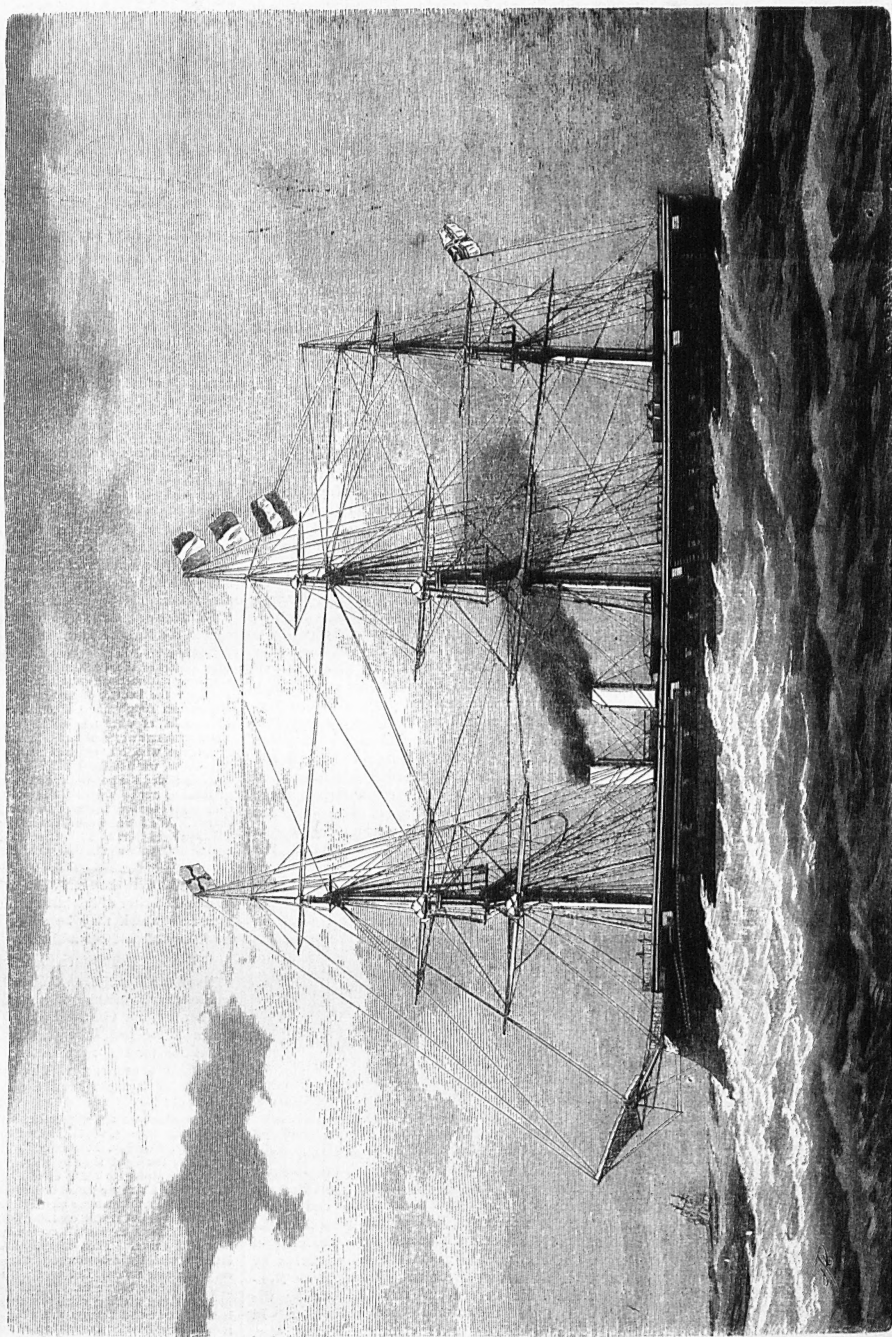
It remains to be seen whether these suggestions will lead to the writer of the last epistle being able to indulge in a fare which may be an occasional relief from the monotony of potatoes and salt.

REPUBLICANISM IN HULL.

There is a Republican Club in Hull, wherein advanced opinions are flourishing in a manner calculated to warm the heart of Sir Charles Dilke. We recommend to the notice of the hon. baronet, when he is working up a peroration for his next lecture, the following gem of republican sentiment, which formed the concluding passage of a paper read the other night by Citizen G. Leaper:—

Come whilst we are unpopular, and enrol yourselves under our glorious banner, which bears that soul-stirring inscription, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." The sun of republicanism has risen; the light shed by its rays is as yet feeble, but it is sufficiently strong to show us the hosts of ignorance and prejudice with which we have to contend. The coroneted idlers and artificial noblemen are already alarmed at the light shed by this new orb, but it will continue to rise upward and onward until its brilliant rays shall expose every stronghold of corruption that exists. Then kings, queens, princes, dukes, and bishops, with their borrowed plumage, will disappear like mist on a summer morn. Let us, then, be united, and there is a glorious future before us. It will be a grand epoch in the history of the working classes when they unite in one common brotherhood; and though many of us may not live to see the result of our labours brought to a successful issue, it will be a grand consolation to us, when we are about to pass away, to feel that we have endeavoured as far as lay in our power to leave the world better than we found it. Therefore no longer delay, but come and join us, for now is the accepted time, the arrival of the day of salvation rests with yourselves.

Citizen Leaper should not have spoken in disrespectful terms of "coroneted idlers and artificial noblemen," remembering the new accession, in the person of the member for Chelsea, to those who are prepared to march under the banner of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity;" and when, moreover, he spoke of those three words as a "soul-stirring inscription," he should have qualified the expression by saying for whom he spoke. For our own part we are obliged to confess that the inscription in question never aroused within us the sensation he describes, and we think a great many Englishmen would be ready to testify likewise.



THE NEW GERMAN IRONCLAD "KING WILLIAM."



COUNTRY LIFE IN MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ.



CHRIST.
SCULPTURE BY THORWALDSEN IN THE FREE CHURCH AT COPENHAGEN.



JOHN.

AMUSEMENTS.

ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.—
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.
THIS EVENING, at 7, IS HE JEALOUS? Mr. H. Crellin, &c.
At 7.45.

Messrs. H. Irving, F. Hall, F. W. Irish, H. Crellin; Miss G. Pauncefort, Miss Fanny Heywood. To conclude with—

PICKWICK.
Messrs. G. Belmore, H. Irving, Addison, Hall, Odell, Irish, Dyas, Branscombe, H. Crellin; Messdames Hill, Leigh, Ewell, La Fontaine, Kate Manor.
Doors open at 6.30. [186]

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE.
Argyll Street, Regent Street, close to the Oxford Street Circus.
The finest troupe in the world. Fifty beautiful horses. All the artists stars in their several specialties—Immense success of the brilliant spectacle of IVANHOE (drawn from Sir W. Scott's novel) with its imposing tournament and dazzling pageantry. Every evening—Open at 7.15, commence at 7.45.

GRAND ILLUMINATED MATINEES, in all respects equal to the evening representations, every Wednesday and Saturday—Open at 2, commence at 2.30.

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"Midle. Heilbron, whose precocious ability as a pianist is well known, gave an evening concert on Thursday last in St. George's Hall, and gratified a large audience by the intelligence with which, for one so young, she rendered various pieces of classical and popular music." *Daily Telegraph, Nov. 20, 1871.*
"The evening concert given by this clever young pianist last week in St. George's Hall enabled her still more favourably to impress her listeners with the charm of her talents, and the astonishing command she possesses over the mechanical difficulties of pianoforte playing. Uniting with a pleasing touch and brilliant finger genuine expression and pleasing sentiment, Midle. Heilbron by her performance was never more successful in exciting interest and eliciting commendation, whilst her *hours de force* surprised no less than delighted the numerous auditors she attracted round her. It is not alone in the modern school of light music that Midle. Heilbron's talents display themselves. With the aspiration of a true *artiste* she aims at interpreting the poetical works of Beethoven and Mendelssohn and the composers of a classical order, and succeeds in an exponent of their thoughts and fancies. The Kreutzer sonata was a bold essay for so young a pianist, but Midle. Heilbron's playing was throughout characterised by good phrasing, neat execution, and musicianlike feeling. The young *artiste* was warmly and deservedly applauded. In her first performance she selected Liszt's 'Valse de Faust,' and executed it with great dexterity and power." *Standard, Nov. 20, 1871.*

"Miss Heilbron's *Morceau Concerto*—Miss Sophia Flora Heilbron, a most prepossessing and talented young lady, who at thirteen years of age has a perfect command of the piano and plays like an *artiste* of mature years, gave a morning concert on Wednesday at St. George's Hall, which was fully and fashionably attended. Miss Heilbron has succeeded in gaining the patronage of some of the most distinguished members of the aristocracy. She played first Duet with Mr. B. Hat, with Mr. Chauveau Lane; Liszt's famous fantasia from 'Tannhauser,' and an *impromptu* of her own composition for the first time in public. In the second part, Miss Heilbron took and triumphantly executed a success, playing Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, with Mr. Lane, an equal admirable style, winding up with Fumagalli's fantasia upon 'Puritani.' All of these pieces showed the talent of the clever young lady in a most favourable light, and won for her extraordinary applause. She has evidently the ability to become one of the leading pianists of the day." *Even. Post, 15th, 1871.*

"That musical 'little wonder,' Sophia Flora Heilbron, at nine, has just closed her Paris career for the present. The young pianist has played before the Emperor of Russia, the King and Prince of Prussia, the King of Portugal, and other grandees, with great success. But that which is a greater compliment to the juvenile artist is, that last week she had the honour of playing before Emperor Kossuth, at his house at Passy. The maestro was kind enough to the child, and complimented her very much on her talent." *Daily Telegraph, August 26th, 1867.*

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LONDON, DECEMBER 9, 1871.

THERE are a class of men who talk about the next world as though they had discovered it and in some way secured places. They have lately decided that the dog is an immortal being. The immortal dog is the latest crotchet in religion. Men have been writing to the papers expressing a belief that their dogs will accompany them to heaven. Their faith in the future is sublime. They do not ask the question with *Hamlet*, "To be or not to be?" and consider his speech of doubts. They have no doubts. The line "Ay, but to die and go we know not where" is useless in their mouths—they do know where; they know all about it; and they are going to take the bull pup along with them. But why stop at dogs? Why not have immortal pigs? We are not all lovers of dogs to the same degree, although we have no doubt, without exception, a kind of affection for the dead dog Greyfriars Bobbie. It is this same Bobbie that has brought about the immortal dog question, for there are some who believe Greyfriars Bobbie is now wagging his tail in another land. The story of Bobbie is affecting and simple. The dog followed his master's remains to the churchyard of Greyfriars in Edinburgh. Relatives and friends made an end to their weeping and retired from the scene, but the dog remained and refused to be comforted. Nothing could seduce him from the grave: he watched and grieved and moaned for his master. He lived on the grave for years, and on the grave he died. Miss BURDETT COULTS has erected a monument in Edinburgh to the memory of Greyfriars Bobbie.

A SAD event in the history of the week is the burning of Warwick Castle. It was one of the finest baronial buildings in England. It stood high above the beautiful River Avon, firm and fine and grand, like an old giant that had not lost its strength. It was rich in historical

and antiquarian lore; but in future it will be like a book with leaves torn out. Although nearly all the very valuable pictures have been saved, relics have been lost that were priceless. Before the flames could be at all arrested the whole east wing between the grand entrance hall and the domestic offices adjoining Caesar and Guy's Towers was gutted. The fire went across the grand staircase and into the hall with its wonderful carved Gothic roof, emblazoned with heraldic devices, its floor of Venetian marble, and its curious antique wainscoting hung round with armour and swords and matchlocks. CROMWELL'S battered helmet was here, and the doublet in which Lord BROOKE died at Lichfield. Fortunately the family plate, which was stowed away in a fireproof chest, escaped damage, and the jewels are said to be safe. The State rooms, too, are all saved. The destruction would not have been so great if the firemen could have played on the flames from both sides of the Castle, but the front, as visitors are aware, is on the edge of a precipice with the river below.

THOUGH the Tichborne trial does not seem to draw any nearer to the end, the year does, and the Cattle Show of the Smithfield Club reminds us by means of fat beef that we are near Christmas. It is a seasonal December, and it is highly probable the festival of the year will be attended with frost and snow. We have already had white downfalls, stary cold nights, and crisp hard roads, and the result has been that certain shopkeepers have overloaded their windows with skates. We have had no good safe skating yet; the pools have been frozen, but only to a tempting and dangerous degree. "Sylvanus Urban" tells the little folks—and they will thank him for reminding them—that we have entered upon a spell of eleven years during which time Christmas Day will not fall on a Sunday. It was to the juvenile mind an unwelcome mischance of the year 1870 that the 25th of December should have chosen the Sabbath for its anniversary, but it will be consoling to the young people to know that it will not happen again until they have spent probably the happiest of all their happy Christmas Days.

THE CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has been making a speech on education. It was at a distribution of prizes in the Halifax Mechanics' Institute on Monday night. He held that why such institutions had not succeeded as well as their originators hoped was because of the defective state of primary education. He told the ratepayers what to do. Is it better, he asked, that children should be taught in denominational schools or not taught at all? They might possibly destroy the present denominational system; if they did they would destroy the existing means of education for children, and for years to come would render themselves unable to replace it. "The question is not how you are to teach children, but how much you are justified in teaching them out of the rates that are levied on the very poorest of the population." If they taught a child reading, writing, and arithmetic, they gave him the power of possessing any amount of knowledge he pleased.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MIDLE. CORNELIE D'ANKA.

MIDLE. D'ANKA will be remembered as the actress who was or was not shot at by a young man who was anxious to marry her. She was then appearing in a burlesque at the Globe, and after this romantic incident everybody went to see her. Midle. D'ANKA afterwards appeared at Riviere's Concerts at Covent Garden, where she increased her reputation, and became a favourite. Night after night she sang "Charlie is my darling," and night after night it was enthusiastically encored. Her broken English is very pleasing in a song; she is pretty, fascinating, clever, and full of "go." Midle. D'ANKA is now playing *Ivanhoe* in the burlesque of "Isaac of York" at the Court Theatre.

THE NEW GERMAN IRON-CLAD "KING WILLIAM." Germany stands as the fifth naval Power. Great Britain, France, the United States, and Russia are greater, and are in their proper order as we have placed them. Germany is rapidly increasing her naval strength. The events of the last six or seven years have borne fruit no less in the increase of the naval force of Germany than in her supremacy upon the Continent. To begin with the acquisition by the North German Confederation of the harbour and dockyard at Kiel, in the Baltic; then the establishment, after the Austro-Prussian war, of the hegemony of Prussia; next the construction of an extensive naval yard at Wilhelmshaven; and, finally, the conquest of France and the consolidation of the German Empire. Prussia has benefited by the late war with France. The enormous sum of money which no doubt to a large extent be used in the augmentation of a fleet which already far exceeds the actual requirements of Germany for the defence of her own coasts, and will go far to render her a first-class naval Power. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* points out that:—"The first, and by far the most powerful, ironclad which Germany possessed was built in 1868 by the Thames Iron Ship Building Company at Blackwall, from the designs of the late Chief Constructor of the British navy, and was purchased by the German Government for £487,500. The ill-judged parsimony of the British Government, to whom this magnificent frigate, the *König Wilhelm*, was first offered, thus lost us, not for the first or only time, a tangible advantage, the value of which Germany was not slow to appreciate,

In the German navy there are four other iron-clads afloat: the *Friedrich Karl*, built at a private yard near Toulon, a counterpart of the French ships *Normandie* and *Couronne*; the *Kron Prinz*, built at Pöplar by Messrs. Samuda; and the turret ships *Arminius* and *Prinz Adalbert*, the former of English construction and the latter French. Besides these, there are upon the stocks the ironclad *Hansa*, at Dantzig, at Wilhelmshaven the *Grosser Kurfürst*, and at Kiel the armour-plated turret ship *König Friedrich der Grosse*. We have already said, however, that it is not so much by the number and importance of the ships which Germany possesses at the present time that we are to estimate her position among the great naval Powers of Europe, as by the determined efforts she is making to add to her fleet, and her steady, but constant, advance towards the attainment of this object. The following table shows at a glance the progress which she made in this direction in the two years immediately preceding the outbreak of the French war. The numbers of vessels of all classes afloat and on the stocks were as follows:—

	1863.	1870.
Ironclads	8	10
Corvettes	2	5
Advice boats	1	1
Transports	22	22
Gunboats	6	7
Training ships	—	—
Total	43	53

It will be seen from the above table that the progress of the German navy in two years was rapid enough to justify us in anticipating the entire accomplishment of the programme which was sketched out by Prussia, before the Danish war, for completion by the year 1878. The entire fleet contemplated in this programme is as follows:—

16 Ironclads.
20 Corvettes.
8 Advice boats.
3 Transports.
22 Gunboats.
7 Training ships.

The training ships and gunboats are already completed, and one half of the ironclads and corvettes, five of the eight advice boats, and one of the transport ships are either built or building at one or other of the Imperial dockyards. The experiments which have recently been conducted at Shoeburyness, with a view to ascertain the comparative power of the Krupp cannon, with which the German ships are entirely armed, and the Armstrong and other monster guns of our own fleet, have proved highly satisfactory to us; not only are our guns of superior penetrating power to those of similar calibre from the Krupp manufactory, as these trials have proved, but there are none of the latter equal in size or weight of projectile to the largest in use in our navy. The system of conscription, which is found to work with such eminent success in Russia and France, and to which Germany owes her enormous army, is put in force to provide the *personnel* of the German fleet. The whole of the conscription of North Germany, numbering some 80,000 men, are exempt from the law which requires military service from every citizen, but they are enrolled for service in the navy. In 1870 the total number of officers, seamen, and marine-troops actively employed amounted to 6,290, but there were in reserve the remainder of the 80,000 men, 48,000 of whom were serving in German merchant vessels, and about 6,000 were in foreign employment."

COUNTRY LIFE IN MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ.

These are country people of Mecklenburg-Strelitz employed in paying a tribute of respect to their employer on the occasion of his birthday. It is a custom amongst them, and these good village folk, who are "native and to the manner born," take a delight in doing observance to it.

SCULPTURE BY THORWALDSEN.

We give engravings of two excellent specimens of sculpture by the celebrated Thorwaldsen. The one represents Christ, and the other John. Both works are in the Free Church at Copenhagen.

IN A MEXICAN WOOD.

Here is a sketch from the land of which Joaquin Miller sings in his "Songs of the Sierras." This is the time of big trees and overgrowth of verdure, of birds with bright-coloured feathers, of seas and sounds that are wild and strange—the land of tropical grandeur and sunshine. Our friends are under the boughs enjoying a picnic.

THE GERMAN NORTH POLAR EXPEDITION.

Wonderful uses have been made of photography. Since portraits were taken there have been great improvements. Photography went to nature and went away with landscapes in its pocket. It did not end here. Photography "went in" for studies from nature, and was successful. We have seen some beautiful specimens. In the German North Polar Expedition photography has played a great part. The apparatus has been carried over hill and dale, through snow and ice, and even the picture we give our readers this week is one of the results.

GAMBLERS.

The artist has been severe on the follies of poor humanity. They are run dogs, silly dogs, queer dogs. Nature hath made strange fellows in her time, and they are certainly very strange fellows who can make a gambling the be-all and end-all of life. There is your cunning, foxy dog, who knows how to win and take the money; there is your ill-experienced country dog, who is flattered and misled by his coin; there is your stubborn dog, who will lose every farthing in attempts to retrieve; there is your wily dog, who risks nothing, but who puts money in his purse by taking it out of other men's pockets; and there is your ill-favoured dog, who must needs win or show his teeth.

THE NEXT MEAL.

Human life is strange; brute life is stranger. Their

great delight seems to be in eating one another. Asses are proverbially dull, and your dull ass will not mend his pace by beating; yet on some occasions asses have astonished men, notably Balaam's ass. We have no notion what were the thoughts of the ass we have illustrated when he stood before the skeleton in our picture. The brute world is a mystery—we do not know for what end they were made. We cannot tell you what the ass thought. "Behold, we know not anything" about it; we only know that this is as the ass appeared just before he was gobbled up by the lion.

THE BATTLE OF CHAMPIGNY.

THE correspondent of the *Times* at Paris describes the ceremony at Champigny on Saturday. Speaking of those who were present at the celebration of the famous sortie, the correspondent says:—

"Generals Ladmirault and Berthault arrived with their staffs, and the troops formed a square round the improvised church to keep the vulgar herd, which was constantly increasing, at a respectful distance. The troops consisted of half a battalion of regulars of the line, two squadrons of cuirassiers, and a squadron of the Garde Républicaine, who, in their high jack-boots, white buckskin breeches, and blue coats, reminded me a good deal of our own 'Blues.' They are certainly the finest looking cavalry in the French army, and their new uniforms are well adapted to set off the stalwart forms, so unusual in France, of the wearers. There were many gentlemen and ladies in black, whose sad reason for being there it was easy to divine, and altogether the aspect of those who had been furnished with tickets, and who were therefore admitted inside the square, was highly respectable, and testified that they belonged to the better classes of the population of Paris. Those who pressed upon the soldiery from without were altogether different in appearance, and it was not difficult to perceive that among them were many who regarded as their bitterest enemies those whom a common misfortune had attracted to the spot. It is, indeed, impossible not to be struck with the look of hatred with which the working classes regard the bourgeoisie whenever accident brings them together in large numbers; and when, as on this occasion, there is a distinction made between those who are privileged and those who are not, the antagonism which exists between the two, and which sooner or later must find expression in something more forcible than glances, becomes most marked. In this case the ceremony, being essentially a military one, was calculated to call out the most vindictive feelings on the part of those in the crowd who were more or less Communist, and therefore still smarting under the lesson they had received from these very generals and officers who were still engaged in trying and sentencing their friends and relatives to death and transportation. Many probably were present who, after spending five or six months in the hulks, had only just returned, having been sent there by some officer whom it was not impossible they might recognise among the audience. In the curious times in which we live such meetings and recognitions are not uncommon, and it is terrible to think how many debts of vengeance are still unpaid in this town of Paris. Archbishop Guibert is a man of venerable and gentle aspect, and it was impossible to listen to the sad and almost tender tones of his voice without being deeply impressed. Many of the women present were affected to tears; and when the solemn moment of the elevation arrived and the sharp tones of the words of command for the troops to present arms mingled with the tinkle of the bell, and every one bowed and uncovered, a thrill of feeling seemed to pervade the audience. When it was over, the Archbishop announced that the moment was come for any general who desired, to address the people; and General Ducrot, in plain clothes, ascended the steps of the altar. Those who remember the words of that celebrated speech which has since been so often cast in his teeth will admit that to face an audience on the scene of that disaster from which he had sworn never to return alive required an effort of courage as great almost as to storm the heights of Champigny, and the audience listened at first somewhat coldly to the outburst of eloquence with which the general began. The strongest expressions of approval were called forth by the uncompromising terms in which he stigmatised the Communists, whom he accused of having been guilty of 'patriocide.' This speech concluded the proceedings, and there were many shouts of 'Vive la France.' One man was ill-advised enough to call 'Vive la République,' but he was instantly suppressed. 'We have had enough of the Republic,' said one; 'Too much,' shouted another. 'Who is the "imbecile" that cries 'Vive la République?' called out an excited individual near me; but there was not one of the crowd inside the magic square who, if he had found himself alone in the crowd outside it, would not have been glad to cry 'Vive la République' at the pitch of his voice. At one moment I thought there might be some chance of a collision between the supporters of 'France' and those of 'La République,' but the moment was not propitious. It is a collision, however, which cannot be very long postponed."

BIRTHPLACE OF CHOLERA.

THE report on the health of the navy in 1869, which has been issued, contains an account of the epidemic of cholera which prevailed in the island of Zanzibar from the latter part of November, 1869, to June, 1870, destroying from 10,000 to 14,000 of the population of the town; and also severely smiting the opposite east coast of the mainland of Africa. Dr. Kirk, who is an old African traveller, and well acquainted with the mode of life and habits of the people of that part of Africa, states that the disease first reached Zanzibar from Pangany, a town on the mainland opposite to, but a little north of, the island of Zanzibar, and which is the terminus of a great caravan route to the ivory and trading countries in the interior; and he has no doubt that it was by this road that cholera was conveyed to Pangany from the interior of Africa, and that it was carried back

again into the interior by another great caravan route beginning at Bagamayo and traversing the Umjammeri, a route considerably to the south of Pangany. As early as September, 1869, some very fatal disease was known to exist in the Masai country in the interior, a country lying south-west of the Gallas, where it was committing great havoc long before it reached the coast. The question arises, how it got to the Masai country. Its advent from the Gambia (on the west coast) overlaid seems against all probability, the two districts being separated by lofty mountain ranges, burning ascents, impenetrable forests, wide lakes, and rapid rivers, a vast area of country devoid of roads and of every facility for human intercourse. Its conveyance in ships round the Cape is opposed to what is positively known of its prevalence in the interior of Africa before its appearance on the east coast or at Zanzibar; and this immunity of the coast through which it must have travelled is also opposed to the supposition that it may have been introduced from India direct before the south-west monsoon put a stop to intercourse. It may be suggested that Arabs and Eastern merchants trading with Abyssinia by the Red Sea might convey the disease into the Galla country, and thus to the neighbouring country of the Masai; but Dr. D. O'Connor, in discussing the subject, observes that he does not hear of the disease having existed in Abyssinian ports in 1868 or 1869. Dr. O'Connor was medical officer of the *Dryad*, which was at Zanzibar both in 1869 and in 1870. He reports that, after such inquiries as he has been able to make, he considers the presumption to be in favour of the origin of the disease, *de novo*, in the interior of Africa, notwithstanding the general opinion that every outbreak of cholera can be traced to what is called its "endemic home" in India. Very little is really known of the physical features of the interior of the vast continent of Africa, still less of its geological and meteorological condition, and absolutely nothing of the history of its nosology. In the accounts of the outbreak of cholera on the west coast in 1868, it is supposed to have been introduced there from Morocco through the agency of caravans, and the general impression seems to be in favour of connecting it with the great outbreak in Alexandria in 1865. It was remarked, however, in the *Lancet* of the 21st August, 1869, that on the Gambia, as on the Senegal, the epidemic is stated to have appeared first inland. It advanced seaward. The difficulty of supposing it to have crossed the desert from Morocco is obvious. Dr. O'Connor, after avowing his own opinion as above mentioned, notices some circumstances observed in the epidemic at Zanzibar. The Banyans, whose rules both in reference to their own and other castes enforce a most strict seclusion, enjoyed a very remarkable immunity from the contagion. Their social habits tend to protect them. At meals they use the leaves of trees instead of dishes, casting the leaves and fragments of their food to the cattle after they have finished. Strict quarantine regulations were observed at Seychelles and other places, and the contagion did not reach them. A medical practitioner states that he found the use of carbolic acid (in glycerine) highly beneficial. Besides allaying the irritability of the stomach, it appeared to have some chemical action in neutralising the poison of cholera. It was observed that the purer the African type and the lower in the scale of civilisation, the greater was the aptitude for catching the contagion, and the severity it showed, and the more fatal did it prove. Persons newly arrived, or shifting quarters to fly from the disease, showed a remarkable susceptibility to the contagion.

LABOUR AND WAGES.

THIRTEEN firms in the town of Reading, including the Great Western Works, Biscuit Factory, and the Reading Iron Works, have conceded the nine hours arrangement to their employees. On Saturday afternoon a procession of 2,000 artisans, bearing flags, and accompanied by bands of music, paraded the streets of Gloucester to celebrate the adoption of the nine hours system. The Kidderminster loom carpet weavers held a meeting on Saturday, when 750 of them declared in favour of the nine hours system, eighteen against, forty neutral. The tanners, steel melters, &c., employed at Messrs. Jessop and Sons', Brightside Works, Sheffield, numbering over 100, have struck work in consequence of the firm refusing at present to concede their demand for a reduction of the hours of labour on Saturdays. Similar strikes are probable at several other Sheffield establishments. A large number of the riveters and finishers in the shoe trade at Northampton held a meeting on Saturday to consider the present rate of wages and hours of labour. They resolved to take means to increase their wages. The miners of the Par and Tywardreath district have commenced an agitation, which is likely to spread widely, for reform in the method of paying wages. On Saturday 1,570 men in the employ of Messrs. J. and W. Dudgeon, the engineers and shipbuilders of Cubitt-town and Millwall, walked in procession to present an address to their firm, at their city offices, thanking them for the liberal manner in which they have adopted the nine hours movement. At a delegate meeting of the house-coal colliers, representing seventy-five collieries and upwards of 7,000 men, held on Saturday at Blackwood, Monmouthshire, it was resolved that an appeal should be made to the masters on the 8th instant for an advance of wages and for a reduction of the hours of labour to eight per day.

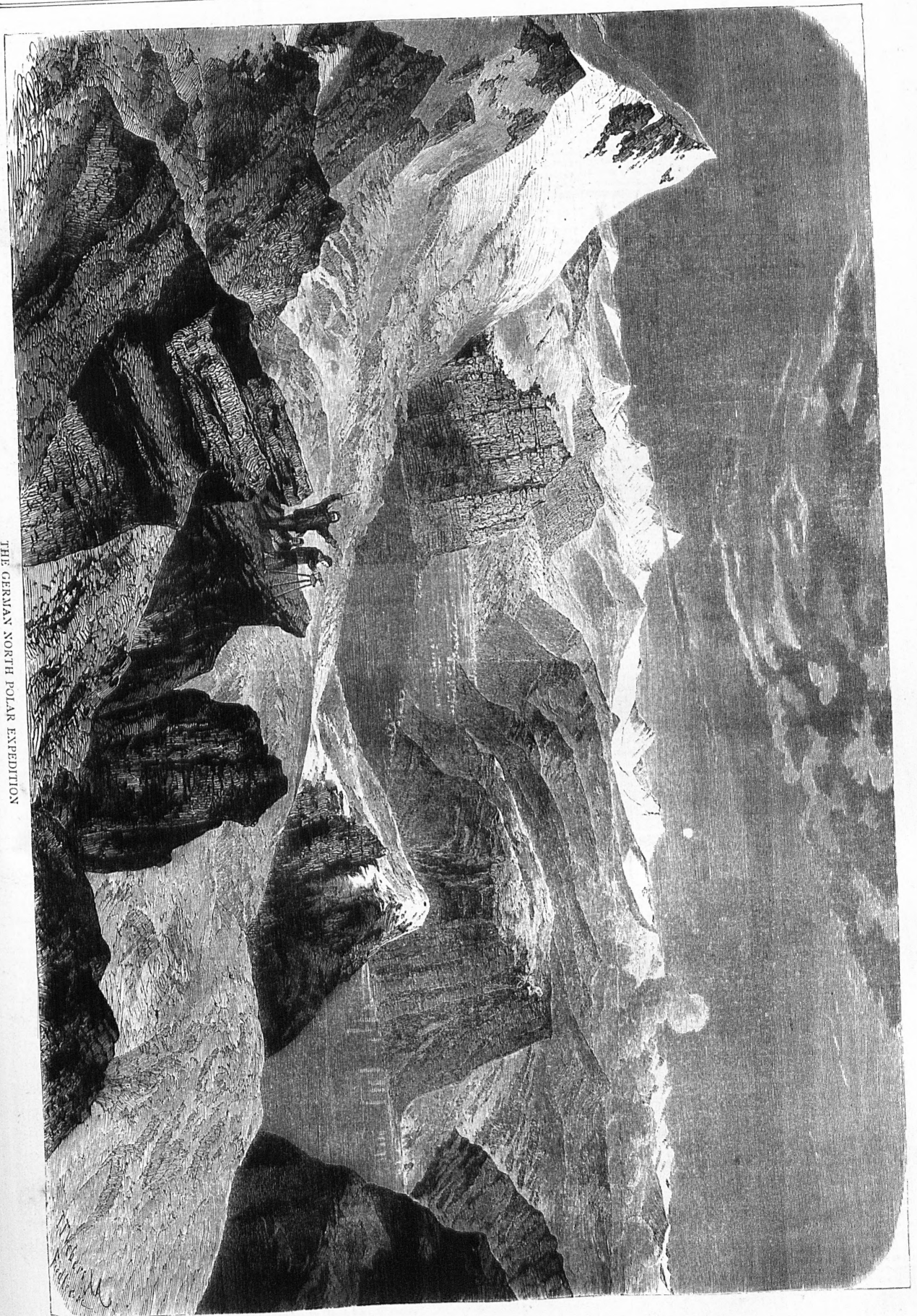
THE Saxon Diet was opened on Saturday by the King. In the Speech from the Throne his Majesty referred to the share the Saxon troops had had in the establishment of the Empire, and described the condition of the country as being highly satisfactory.

"After thoroughly testing it, I believe your Vegetable Pain Killer to be the best medicine for diarrhoea I have ever known. It gives speedy and permanent relief without any shock or causing constipation. It is a most useful and valuable family medicine."

"Surrey Chambers, Strand, July, 1869."
"To Perry Davis & Son, London."



IN A MEXICAN WOOD.



THE GERMAN NORTH POLAR EXPEDITION

M. TAINE'S "NOTES ON ENGLAND." (From the *Paris Temps*.)

SUNDAY IN LONDON. THE STREETS AND PARKS.
ON Sunday in London when it rains: the shops shut, the streets almost deserted; the aspect that of an immense and a well-ordered cemetery. The few passers-by under their umbrellas in the desert of squares and streets have the look of uneasy spirits who have risen from their graves: it is appalling.

I had no conception of such a spectacle, which is said to be frequent in London. The rain is small, compact, pitiless; looking at it one can see no reason why it should not continue to the end of all things; one's feet churn water, there is water everywhere, filthy water impregnated with an odour of soot. A yellow, dense fog fills the air, sweeps down to the ground; at thirty paces a house, a steamboat appear as spots upon blotting-paper. After one hour's walk in the Strand especially, and in the rest of the City, one has the spleen, one meditates suicide. The lofty lines of fronts are of sombre brick, of which the exudations are encrusted with fog and soot. Monotony and silence; yet the inscriptions on metal or marble speak and tell of the absent master, as in a large manufactory of bone-black closed on account of a death.

A frightful thing is the huge palace in the Strand which is called Somerset House. Massive and heavy piece of architecture, of which the hollows are inked, the porticoes blackened with soot, where, in the cavity of the empty court, is a sham fountain without water, pools of water on the pavement, long rows of closed windows—what can they possibly do in these catacombs? It seems as if the livid and sooty fog had even befouled the verdure of the parks. But what most offends the eyes are the colonnades, peristyles, Grecian ornaments, mouldings, and wreaths of the houses, all bathed in soot; poor antique architecture—what is it doing in such a climate? The flutings and columns at the front of the British Museum are begrimed as if liquid mud had been poured over them. St. Paul's; a kind of Pantheon, has two ranges of columns; the lower range is entirely black, the upper range, recently scraped, is still white, but the white is offensive, coal smoke has already plastered it with its leprosy.

These spots are melancholy, being the decay of the stone. And these nude statues in memory of Greece! Wellington as a fighting hero, naked under the dripping trees of the park! That hideous Nelson, stuck on his column with a coil of rope in the form of a pig-tail, like a rat impaled on the top of a pole! Every form, every classical idea is contrary to nature here. A swamp like this is a place of exile for the arts of antiquity. When the Romans disembarked here they must have thought themselves in Homer's shell, in the land of the Cimmerians. The vast space which, in the south, stretches between the earth and the sky, cannot be discovered by the eye; there is no air; there is nothing but liquid fog; in this pale smoke objects are but fading phantoms. Nature has the look of a bad drawing in charcoal which some one has rubbed with his sleeve. I have just spent half an hour on Waterloo Bridge; the Houses of Parliament, blurred and indistinct, appear in the distance but a wretched pile of scaffolding; nothing is discernible, and, more particularly, nothing is living, except a few steamboats skimming along the river, black, smoky, unwearying insects; a Greek watching their passengers embarking and disembarking would have thought of the Styx. He would have found that to exist here was not to live; in fact, life here is different from what it is in his country; the ideal has altered with the climate. The mind quits the without to retire within itself, and there create a world. Here one must have a comfortable and well-ordered home, clubs, societies, plenty of business, many religious and moral preoccupations; above all, instead of abandoning oneself to the influence of exterior impressions, it is necessary to extrude all the sad promptings of unfriendly Nature, and fill up the great void wherein melancholy and tedium would take up their abode. During the week one has work, constant, earnest work, wherewith to ward off and arm oneself against the inclemency of things. But what is to be done on the day of rest? There is the church or the pot-house, intoxication or a sermon, insensibility or reflection, but no other way of spending a Sunday such as this; in that way, whether in thinking, whether in making a beast of oneself, one is absorbed, one attains forgetfulness. I observe many doors ajar in the spirit vaults; sad faces, worn or wild, pass out and in. Let us visit the churches.

I visited four, and I heard two sermons, the first in a church in the Strand. A naked, cold, and unornamented structure, with the exception of two allegorical figures at the end; large wooden pews in which one is ensconced up to the neck. The congregation which fills it is composed not of the commonality, but of the respectable middle class, very well dressed, and with serious and sensible physiognomies. They come to provision themselves with moral counsels, to refresh their principles. The preacher chose for his text, "One mind, one spirit, and thereupon he advised his hearers to hold fast to their principles, yet to be conciliatory towards their fellows." The sermon was good—slightly commonplace, yet solid. When reading the numerous essays in English literature, and at the present day the moralisms of the *Saturday Review*, one perceives that commonplaces do not weary them; apparently they consider morality not as an object of curiosity, but as a practical tool, an instrument in daily use which must be sharpened every Sunday.

The books displayed on the ledges of the pews are the Psalms and the Book of Common Prayer—the mass book of England. It is marked by much elevation, and a certain Hebraic sublimity in the style of Milton; yet by no tenderness and outpourings as in the "Imitation," no flowers of rhetoric or sentimentalism, no pamblyness, as in our minor devotional works; but by an imposing, impassioned, and sometimes a lyrical tone. The Liturgy was compiled at the period of the Revival, and retains its accent. A noteworthy point is that here the date

and origin of each piece are noted, this one being of the sixteenth century; this passage being taken from the Apocrypha, but retained on account of its elevation. The believer is instructed by these remarks, is informed about criticism and history; as the sermons of Tillotson and of Barrow at the era of Bossuet, with their Greek texts and discussions about the grammatical interpretation. Time being given, this necessarily leads to German exegesis.

The superb nave, the admirable Gothic architecture of Westminster Abbey are alone adapted to the climate; this labyrinth of forms, these sweeping and huge mouldings, this profusion of delicate sculptures, are required to fill the dim air and people the void of such sombre interiors. I wandered about looking at the mortuary monuments, the numerous graceful sculptures of the eighteenth century, the others of our own age so cold and pedantic, when suddenly the music pealed forth, not the monotonous psalmody of our Vespers, the rude and monkish chants, the verses and responses which seem to be the voices of ailing nuns, but beautiful pieces in nature, grave, noble, recitative, melodious outbursts of harmony, the productions of the best epoch. Then after the reading of a passage about Sisera, the organ and the chorists, children's voices and bass voices, sounded forth a full and rich anthem. Such music as that is the worthy accompaniment to the psalms and to the prayers which I have just perused. Thus understood, worship is the opera of elevated, serious, and believing souls. Nothing is more important; it is essential that the church and the services should be on a level with the sentiments of a people, not merely of the crowd and of the uneducated, but of the select few.

I visited two other churches in the afternoon. There, too, the music was beautiful, and the edifice was filled with the well-to-do middle class. The large enclosed pews, all the galleries were filled with well-dressed persons; there are as many men as women, and many gentlemen; the public was not our public of women, old curmudgeons, servant girls, common people. Of the three clergymen I have seen, one worthy and polite, who spoke to me, had the air of a semi-professor and semi-magistrate. Another resembled a Parisian notary, mature and well preserved, who assumes soft tones and a sentimental look in order to procure the signing of a marriage contract. I saw others last year in London and the country. With their short gown, the tone they use in the pulpit, one would take them for judges or chief justices; by their education, their marriage, their manners, their calling, they are laymen slightly graver than the others; their garb out of church is that of laymen, with the exception of the everlasting white tie; the moral difference is not much greater than the material difference. This is the essential point: to place the laymen on a par with the priest, or at most separated by one degree only, is in truth the work of the Reformation.

On returning to my hotel I read the following proclamation in Friday's *Gazette*:—"Victoria R.: We, most seriously and religiously considering that it is our indispensable duty to be careful above all other things to preserve and advance the honour and service of Almighty God, and to discourage and suppress all vice, profaneness, debauchery, and immorality. . . . we do hereby strictly enjoin and prohibit all our loving subjects, of what degree or quality soever, from playing on the Lord's-day, at dice, cards, or any other game whatsoever, either in public or private houses, or other place or places whatsoever; and we do hereby require and command them, and every of them decently and reverently to attend the worship of God on every Lord's day," and the magistrates are enjoined "to take effectual care to prevent all persons keeping taverns, or other public houses whatsoever, from selling wine, beer, or other liquors, or receiving or permitting guests to be or remain in such their houses in the time of Divine service on the Lord's day."

This order is not strictly observed; the tavern doors are closed during service, but they can be opened and drinking goes on in the back room. In any case this is a relic of the old Puritanism altogether distasteful in France. Prohibit people to drink and amuse themselves on Sunday? But to a French workman, and to a peasant, Sunday appears to have been made for nothing else. Stendhal said that here, in Scotland, in true Biblical countries, religion spoils one day out of seven, destroys the seventh part of possible happiness. He judges the Englishman, the man of the North, after the model of the man of the South, whom wine exhilarates and does not brutalise, who can without inconvenience give way to his instinct, and whose pleasure is poetical. Here the temperament is different, more violent and more combative; pleasure is a brutish and bestial thing: I could cite twenty examples of this. An Englishman said to me, "When a Frenchman is drunk he chatters; when a German is drunk he sleeps; when an Englishman is drunk he fights."

Other traces of Puritanical severity, among the rest, are the recommendations on the stairs which lead down to the Thames: one is requested to be decent. At the railway station there are large Bibles fastened to chains for the use of the passengers while waiting for the train. A tall, sallow, and bony fellow handed to me two printed pages on the brazen serpent of Moses, with applications to the present life: "You, too, O reader, have been bitten by the fiery serpents. To heal yourself lift up your eyes to Him who has been elevated by the sign of salvation." Other tokens denote an aristocratic country. At the gate of St. James's Park is the following notice:—"The park keepers have orders to prevent all beggars from entering the gardens, and all persons in ragged or dirty clothes or who are not outwardly decent and well behaved." At every step one feels oneself further removed from France.

The population numbers three millions and a quarter; that makes twelve cities like Marseilles, ten cities like Lyons, two cities like Paris put together; but words upon paper are no substitutes for the sensation of the eyes. It is necessary to take a cab several days in

succession, and proceed straight on towards the south, the north, the east, and the west, during a whole morning, as far as the uncertain limits where houses grow scanty and the country begins.

Enormous, enormous—this is the word which always recurs. Moreover, all is rich and well ordered; consequently, they must think us neglected and poor. Paris is mediocre compared with these squares, these crescents, these circles and rows of monumental buildings of massive stone, with porticoes, with sculptured fronts, these spacious streets; there are sixty of them as vast as the Rue de la Paix; assuredly Napoleon III. demolished and rebuilt Paris only because he had lived in London. In the Strand, in Piccadilly, in Regent-street, in the neighbourhood of London Bridge, in twenty places, there is a bustling crowd, a surging traffic, an amount of obstruction which our busiest and most frequented boulevard cannot parallel. Everything is on a large scale here; the clubs are palaces, the hotels are monuments; the river is an arm of the sea, the cabs go twice as fast; the boatmen and omnibus conductors condense a sentence into a word; words and gestures are economised, actions and time are turned to the utmost possible account; the human being produces and expends twice as much as among us.

From London Bridge to Hampton Court are eight miles—that is, nearly three leagues—of buildings. After the streets and quarters erected together, as one piece, by wholesale, like a hive after a model, come the countless pleasure retreats, cottages surrounded with verdure and trees, in all styles, Gothic, Grecian, Byzantine, Italian of the Middle Age, or the Revival, with every mixture and every shade of style, generally in lines or clusters of five, ten, twenty of the same sort, apparently the handwork of the same builder, like so many specimens of the same vase or the same bronze. They deal in houses as we deal in Parisian articles. What a multitude of well-to-do, comfortable, and rich existences! One divines accumulated gains, a wealthy and spending middle class quite different from ours, so pinched, so straightened. The most humble, in brown brick, are pretty by dint of tidiness; the window panes sparkle like mirrors; there is nearly always a green and flowery patch; the front is covered with ivy, honeysuckle, and nasturtiums.

The entire circumference of Hyde Park is covered with houses of this sort, but finer, and these in the midst of London retain a country look; each stands detached in its square of turf and shrubs, has two storeys in the most perfect order and condition, a portico, a bell for the tradespeople, a bell for the visitors, a basement for the kitchen and the servants, with a flight of steps for the service; very few mouldings and ornaments; no outside sun shutters; large clear windows, which let in plenty of light; flowers on the sills and at the portico; stables in a meadow apart, in order that their odours and sight may be kept at a distance; all the external surface covered with white, shining, and varnished stucco; not a speck of mud or dust; the trees, the turf, the flowers, the servants prepared as if for an exhibition of prize products. How well one can picture the inhabitant after seeing his shell! In the first place, it is the Teuton who loves nature, and who needs a reminder of the country; next, it is the Englishman who wishes to be by himself in his staircase as in his room, who could not endure the promiscuous existence of our huge Parisian cages, and who, even in London, plans his house as a small castle, independent and enclosed. Besides, he is simple, and does not wish external display; on the other hand, he is exacting in the matter of condition and comfort, and separates his life from that of his inferiors. The number of such houses at the West-end is astonishing! The rent is nearly £500; from five to seven servants are kept; the master expends from twelve to twenty-four hundred pounds a year. There are ten of these fortunes and these lives in England to every one in France.

The impression is the same when visiting the parks; the taste, the area are quite different from what is the case among us. St. James's Park is a genuine piece of country, and of English country; huge old trees, real meadows, a large pond peopled with ducks and water-fowl; cows and sheep, in an enclosed space, feed on the grass, which is always fresh. There are even sheep in the narrow green border that surrounds Westminster Abbey; these people love the country in their hearts. It is sufficient to read their literature, from Chaucer to Shakespeare, from Thomson to Wordsworth and Shelley, to find proofs of this. What a contrast to the Tuilleries, the Champs Elysees, the Luxembourg! As a rule, the French garden, that of Louis XIV., is a room or gallery in the open air, wherein to walk and converse in company; in the English garden, such as they have invented and propagated, one is better alone; the eyes and the mind converse with natural things. We have arranged a park on this model in the Bois de Boulogne; but we have committed the blunder of placing therein a group of rocks and waterfalls; the artifice is discovered at a glance, and offends; English eyes would have felt it.

Regent's Park is larger than the Jardin des Plantes and the Luxembourg put together. It has often been remarked that our life seems to them cooped up, confined; they need air and space more than we do; Englishmen whom I knew in Paris left their windows open all night; thus arises their longing for motion, their herd and foot races in the country. Stendhal justly said that a young English girl walks a greater distance in a week than a young Roman girl in a year; the Northern man, of athletic temperament, has a need of free respiration and of exercise. This park is in a retired neighbourhood; one hears no longer the rolling of carriages, and one forgets London; it is a solitude. The sun shines, but the air is always charged with damp clouds, floating watering-pots which dissolve in rain every quarter of an hour. The vast water-meadows have a charming softness, and the green branches drip with monotonous sound upon the still water of the pond. I enter a boathouse where there are splendid orchids, some having the rich velvet of the iris, others a flesh colour of that inexpressible, delicious, mingled tint

transfused with light like palpitating living flesh, a woman's breast; the hand desires yet dreads to press it; alongside, palm trees raise their stems in a tepid atmosphere. A strange thing to us is that there are no keepers; admission is free, and no damage is done; I can understand that they must ridicule our establishments and public festivals, with their accompaniments of municipal guards. It is the same at the railway stations: every one is free to move about, to stand on the side of the line, to come and meet his friends at the carriage door; they are surprised and annoyed to see us caged in our waiting-rooms, enclosed, led like sheep, and always under the eye or the hand of an official.

I returned on foot to Piccadilly; again the London weather begins—the small and constant rain, the dissolving mud. F., who has spent the winter here, says that there is little snow, not more than in the centre of France, but, on the other hand, there is perpetual fog, rain nearly every day, and the most execrable muddy streets for pedestrians. As evidences, look at the foot-coversings and the feet of the ladies. Their boots are as large as those of gentlemen, their feet are those of watermen, and their gait is in keeping. My question continually recurs, How do the English spend their leisure hours, among others, their Sunday? They have the club and often wine. F., in his club, had a neighbour who, in the reading-room, drank a large glass of wine, then went to sleep, drank a second half an hour afterwards, and went to sleep again, and so on, in succession, without ever saying a word. Another of great wealth, a leading merchant, and who has sixteen grooms at his country seat, is occupied all day with his business, returns home in the evening, speaks but seldom, lives like an automaton among his children; his daughter amuses herself by travelling about the entire year with a governess; in the family circle he merely finds the money—this is a common trait of the English character, deficiency in expansion and in amiability.

From Regent's Park to Piccadilly the spacious and interminable streets have a funeral aspect; the roadway is of black macadam; the rows of buildings, of the same cast, consist of blackened brick, where the window-panes shine with dark reflections; each house is separated from the street by railings and an area. There are few shops, not a single pretty one, no large plate-glass windows and engravings; that would be too dismal for us; nothing to attract and gladden the eyes; lounging is impossible; it is necessary to do one's work at home, or to take one's umbrella and go to business or to one's society.

Hyde Park is the largest of them all, with its small rivulet, its wide green-sward, its sheep, its shady walks resembling a pleasure park suddenly transported to the centre of a capital. About two o'clock the principal alley is a riding-ground; there are ten times more gentlemen and twenty times more ladies on horseback than in the Bois de Boulogne on its most frequented days; little girls and boys of eight ride on ponies by the side of their father: I have seen ample and worthy matrons trotting along. This is one of their luxuries. Add to it that of having servants. For instance, a family of three persons which I visited keeps seven servants and three horses. The mother and daughter gallop in the park daily; they often pay visits on horseback; they economise in other things—in theatre going, for example; they seldom go to the theatre, and when they do it is to a box which has been presented to them. This vigorous exercise appears indispensable for health; young girls and ladies come here even when it rains. To keep three horses and carriage costs nearly £200 a year. Looking at this crowd of persons on horseback one comes to the same conclusion as after seeing the houses and the staff of servants. The wealthy class is much more numerous in England than in France. Another index is the outlay in linen, clothes, gloves, and dresses always new. The climate dirties everything rapidly; they must be continually renewed. In every newspaper I find the addresses of dealers who come to the house and buy slightly soiled clothes; the obligation of a gentleman is to be always irreproachably well dressed; his coat when shabby is handed over to a man of the lower class, ends in rags on the back of a beggar, and thus marks the social rank of its possessor. Nowhere else is the disparity of conditions so clearly written in the externals of men. Imagine the evening dress of a man of fashion, or the rose-coloured bonnet of a lady; you will find the former again on a miserable wretch squatting on one of the stairs of the Thames, and the latter at Shadwell on the head of an old woman groping amidst rubbish.

From five to seven o'clock is the review of ladies' dresses. Beauty and ornamentation abound, but taste is wanting. The colours are outrageously crude and the forms ungraceful; crinolines too distended and badly distended, in geometrical cones or bunched, green flounces, embroideries, flowered dresses, quantities of floating gauze, packets of falling or frizzed hair; crowning this display tiny embroidered and imperceptible bonnets. The bonnets are too much adorned, the hair, too shiny, presses closely on the temples; the small mantle or cascade falls formless to the lower part of the back, the petticoat expands prodigiously, and all the scaffolding badly joined, badly arranged, variegated and laboured, cries and protests with all its gaudy and overdone colours. In the sunshine, especially, at Hampton Court the day before yesterday, amongst the shopkeepers' wives, the absurdity was at its height; there were many violet dresses, one being of a wild violet clasped round the waist with a golden band, which would have made a painter cry out. I said to a lady, "The toilette is more showy among you than in France." "But my dresses come from Paris!" I carefully refrained from replying, "But you selected them."

Excepting only the highest class, they appear themselves as fancy dictates. One imagines healthy bodies, well built, beautiful at times; but they must be imagined. The physiognomy is often pure, but also often sleepish. Many are simple babies, new waxen dolls, with glass eyes, which appear entirely empty of ideas. Other faces have become ruddy, and turned to raw beefsteak. There is a fund of folly or of brutality in this inert flesh—too

white, or too red. Some are ugly or grotesque in the extreme: with heron's feet, stork's necks, always having the large front of white teeth, the projecting jaws of carnivora. As compensation, others are beautiful in the extreme. They have angelic faces; their eyes, of pale periwinkle, are softly deep; their complexion is that of a flower, or an infant; their smile is divine. One of these days, about ten o'clock in the morning, near Hyde-park-corner, I was routed to the spot motionless with admiration at the sight of two young ladies; the one was sixteen, the other eighteen years old. They were in rustling dresses of white tulle amid a cloud of muslin; tall, slender, agile, their shape as perfect as their face, of incomparable freshness, resembling those marvellous flowers seen in select exhibitions, the whiteness of the lily or orchid; in addition to all that, gaiety, innocence, a superabundance of unalloyed sap and infantine expression, of laughter, and the mien of birds; the earth did not support them. Many of the horsewomen are charming, so simple, and so serious, without a trace of coquetry; they come here not to be seen, but to take the air; their manner is frank without pretension; their shake of the hand quite loyal, almost masculine; no frippery in their attire; the small black vest, tightened at the waist, moulds a fine shape and healthy form; to my mind, the first duty of a young lady is to be in good health. They manage their horses with complete ease and assurance. Sometimes the father or brother stops and talks business or politics with a friend; the ladies listen and thus habituate themselves to serious topics. These fathers and brothers, too, are a pleasant sight; expressive and resolute faces, which bear, or have borne, the burden of life; fire exhausted then among us, less ready to smile and to execute the tricks of politeness, but calmer and more staid, and who often excite in the onlooker a vague impression of respect, of esteem at least, and often of trust. Perhaps this is because I am instructed as to their condition; yet it seems to me that mistake is difficult: whether nobles, members of Parliament, landed proprietors, their manners and their physiognomies are those of men accustomed to authority, and who have wielded it.

WARWICK CASTLE.

A PAGE of English history has just been destroyed. The fire which broke out at Warwick Castle on Sunday morning last consumed it. Time, War, and Change have done their worst to remove from us the ancient landmarks of the past, but all these had mercifully passed over the old castle of Warwick, and left it well-nigh scatheless. It was left by centuries almost intact, until in time of peace a fire arising from carelessness, did that cruel errand which all things have shrunk from, and one more disservice of that "bad master" is added to the melancholy catalogue of its evil deeds in 1871. Few of the buildings we yet possess had a more historic character than Warwick Castle. In the faint dawn of our national history the bold scar of rock which overlooks the Avon was chosen by the ancient Britons as a coign of vantage from which to make a stand against the Roman foe. In later days, the Saxons seizing, as was their wont, on older foundations, Ethelred, the Queen of the Mercians, raised there a mound and a castle, of which traces yet remain. From time to time this was added to, and the structure became the home of some of those whose names are the most illustrious in our annals. The Neuburgs—followers of William the Conqueror, as their ancestors had been of Rollo—displaced the Saxon possessors, and held it until the reign of Henry III. After several changes through female descent, it passed into the hands of the Beauchamp family, of whom Guy, "the black hound of Arden," was the slayer of Piers Gaveston, the favourite of Edward II. Here lived his son, Earl Thomas Beauchamp, who led the van at Crecy, who fought bravely at Poitiers, and who was one of the founders of "the most noble Order of the Garter." He erected the Caesar tower at Warwick, one of the finest specimens of the military engineering of his day, replete with scientific construction, a defensive work of the highest military interest. This was gutted by last Sunday's fire. Doubtless its massive walls yet remain, but all the internal construction seems to have been destroyed. Another Earl Thomas was a great builder, erecting the Guy tower and extending the area of the castle greatly. His son was created Duke of Warwick and King of the extensive kingdom of the Isle of Wight. He dying without issue, the estate passed into the hands of the potent "Kingmaker, Richard Neville," who sees, however, to have been too much engaged in regal manufactures to have cared much for this one of his numerous possessions. Little, therefore, was done there until it passed into the hands of the unlucky Duke of Clarence, who ended his days in a butt of Malmsey. His work—and there is much of it—at Warwick records the death-blow of military architecture; for on the unfinished northern gateway we see the first traces of loopholes for cannon, an engine which was soon to change the character of all our fortresses, and make castles thenceforth but man-traps.

In the time of Henry VIII. it became the possession of the Dudley family; and Ambrose Dudley, the elder brother of Queen Elizabeth's favourite, Leicester, added greatly to it, spending £20,000 of money of his time upon it. On his death without issue, the title lapsed to the Crown, and with the exception of a short revival, in the person of Lord Rich, in the time of James I. remained dormant until 1759, when William Greville Lord Brooke was created Earl of Warwick. The castle and estates had, however, in Queen Elizabeth's time been granted to Fulke Greville, who on his tomb described himself as "servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and a friend to Sir Philip Sidney." This Fulke Greville was the first of the present family who held Warwick Castle; and, finding it much decayed and partially converted into the common gaol, he spent £20,000 upon it, converting it into, to quote Dugdale's words, "not only a place of great but of extraordinary delight, and the most princely seat within this realm;" the which, until

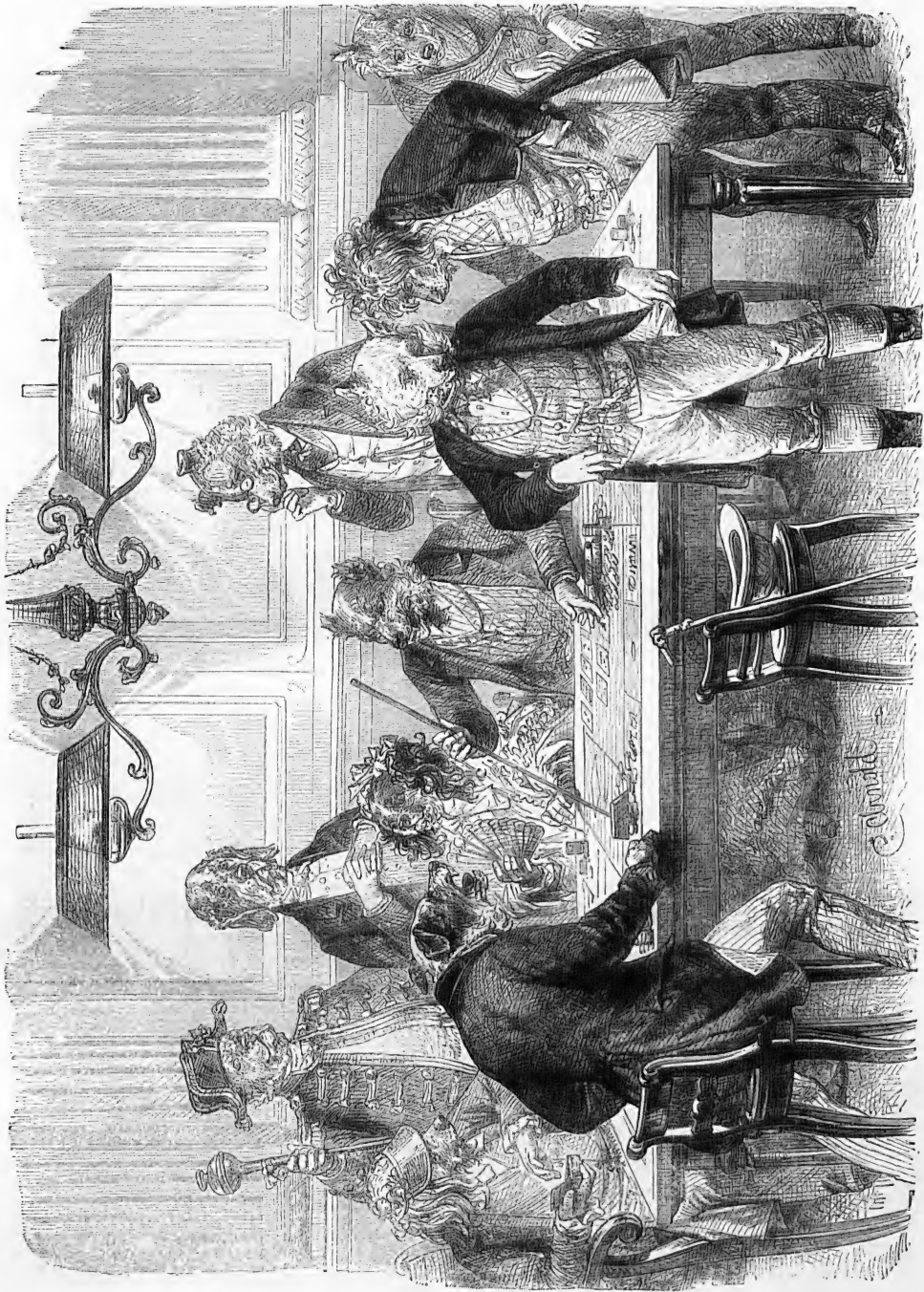
last Sunday morning, it has ever since remained. Leicester, the courtly favourite of Elizabeth, was born to its honours, but made the now ruined Kenilworth its rival. Castle, palace, and prison by times, it is now a ruin, and all who have seen it must feel that they, as well as Lord Warwick, have lost a priceless treasure. Its modern history is the history of art. There were stored the collections made by many generations. Pictures by most of the great English masters hung upon its walls; many, we fear, irretrievably lost. Bluff King Hal literally leered from the panel on which Holbein had transfixed him; by Vanduyke were some nine or ten undoubted pictures, and amongst them portraits of King Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria. Rubens left there a portrait which seemed to be the presiding genius of the place—that of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundale, the collector and amateur whose art and antiquarian knowledge are done homage to still by means of the Arundale Society. Dobson, the founder of English portrait painting and the pupil of Vanduyke, was represented there by a masterly but unnamed portrait. One of Sir Joshua Reynolds's best works used to hang in the now destroyed Countess's drawing-room, so we fear for its fate; and some excellent family portraits by his rival, Romney, decorated the dining-room, now also destroyed. Titian and Murillo were there in name at least, and two works bore the name of Raphael—one of these, a purchase by the present earl, having every mark of being a genuine picture so far as much of the work was concerned, but probably completed by his pupil Ridolfo Ghirlandajo. Yet its pictures were almost the least of the treasures Warwick held. From the helmet of one of Xerxes's soldiers down to the reputed skull cap of Oliver Cromwell—from early linked iron mail down to the buff jerkin of Lord Brooke, the leader of the Parliamentary forces, almost every change of defensive armour was represented there. Early Greek and late Gothic sculpture broke the dusky glamour of so much metal work. Tables of priceless *pietra dura* work bore on them a most glorious collection of Limoges enamel of the highest art, which was the great attraction of each exhibition of this lost process whenever it was displayed. If it be true that the only article saved from the great hall was a Flemish carving after the celebrated picture of Rubens representing the battle of the Amazons, all this priceless collection has disappeared for ever.

So far as we can yet learn the fire seems to have broken out in the private apartments of the Countess. These, though of no great size, were a treasure-house of art; the drawing-room was panelled round with the finest French carving of the time of Louis XVI., rescued from the destruction of Paris under M. Haussmann, and was hung with choice works of modern art collected by Lady Warwick herself, an artist of great ability. The library possessed a goodly store of sixteenth and seventeenth century literature, and throughout the refined taste of the earl was manifest by the presence of art gleanings from almost every city of Europe. The State apartments, which are at the other end of the great hall, seemed to have escaped; and with them, it is to be hoped, many heirlooms which have accumulated during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The armoury, which was situated at this end of the building, we trust has also been preserved. In it was a fine collection of early weapons, especially firearms, the which contained the germ of many a more recent invention. Revolvers of the sixteenth century, mitrailleurs in miniature of a very early date, and weapons setting forth the principle of the Lancaster gun were all there. In fact, there was not a single yard of the walls of this fine old storehouse of history which did not tell some tale in the history of human invention and mark some progress of the human mind. Casket and contents alike were equally precious, and in the destruction of Warwick Castle we have received a national loss—a loss no time, no labour, and no skill can ever replace. And why? As usual, careless workmen and no water. It is too late to suggest a remedy when the evil has wrought its end, else with the tall towers of Thomas de Beauchamp at hand, rise with the river and a mill at her base, cisterns of water might have been there. Workmen nothing will make careful, and there is hardly an historic edifice in the kingdom that has not suffered from their heedlessness; at the same time, there is hardly one but might have a preventive means at hand. Saddening as the text is, we hope the only lesson it is now possible to learn from it may be the lesson, and that those who have the custody or the possession of so much history may be prevailed on to take steps in time to prevent such a holocaust as this at Warwick Castles. If sympathy could lighten Lord Warwick's loss, he may rest assured that there is not an intelligent person in England—indeed, in Europe—who does not mourn with him; but we would add to our sympathy for him a timely warning to others that such a fate may for the future be prevented.

THE Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* says that two English gentlemen, Hon. John Boyle and John M'Loughland, the former the principal trustee of the estates of the Marquis of Bute, and the latter President of the Great African Steamboat line, called on the Secretary of the Treasury and the prominent Government officers. Their business has reference to the establishment of a steam line between Cardiff, Wales, and New York or Baltimore, and to obtain information in connection with the investment of capital.

SHIPBUILDING on the Clyde is reported to be pretty brisk. Since the settlement of the carpenters' strike, masters have had less scruples in taking contracts at a moderate figure, and several steamship owners, who have been holding back during the late unsettled times, have closed contracts. The last month has been noticeable for the number of large first-class steamships that have been contracted for. Several of the shipbuilding firms have now as much work on hand as will keep them busy until June next.

Good value for money is desired by all, hence the great demand for Horman's Pure Tea—uniformly strong, wholesome, and truly cheap. Sold in packets by 2525 Agents; Chemists, Confectioners, &c. [538]



GAMBLERS.



THE NEXT MEAL.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE King of Bavaria has sanctioned the abolition of the Ministry of Commerce.

A DUEL with swords was fought the other day at Marseilles between two newspaper writers, one of whom was twice wounded.

THE fishing lugger, *Norfolk Hero*, of Yarmouth, was lost on Saturday, off the Norfolk coast, with a crew of eleven hands.

THE Greek Government has addressed a note to the Ministers of France and Italy declining their proposal to submit to a mixed Commission the question of the Laurion mines.

AN explosion of naphtha took place on Saturday evening at the Hyde Chemical Works, Blackburn. A portion of the building was destroyed, and two men were seriously injured.

THE removal of Prince Metternich, it is affirmed, is not in consequence of the political changes which have occurred in Austria, but has been brought about in compliance with a wish expressed by M. Thiers.

IT is said that the members of the Commission who were charged to discuss with the Orleans Princes the arrangements relative to their entry to the Chamber, see no objection to their taking their seats.

THE *Swiss Times* says the Grand Council has decreed that the right of the authorisation of lotteries, gaming-houses, and casinos, whose avowed object is speculation, is, and remains exclusively, the province of the legislative powers.

THE Belgian political crisis, according to advices from Brussels, may now be considered at an end. The new Ministry, which, like its predecessor, is Conservative, is said, however, to be still incomplete.

MR. WILLIAM ARTHUR BRALEY has been elected a Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge. He has obtained one of the non-resident fellowships, which are intended for persons in the active pursuit of the studies of law or medicine.

A PETITION is in course of signature at Bolton asking the Home Secretary to institute an inquiry into the conduct of the magistrates by whose order the police were restrained from interfering to suppress the recent riot in that town.

THE court-martial engaged in the trial of the assassins of M. Chaudey, a writer in the *Sigle*, delivered judgment on Saturday. Preau de Wedel is condemned to death, Berthier Soigneur to ten years' hard labour, Pellet to ten years', and Beun to two years' imprisonment.

THE number of *Food, Water, and Air* for this month, in an article on the adulteration of coffee, shows that while of thirty-four samples examined some years since, no less than thirty-one were adulterated; of eighteen samples now reported upon, five only were adulterated.

THE *Journal de Paris* says the Court of Directors of the Bank of France demand that the increased circulation of notes shall be limited to 2,800,000,000, and asks at the same time that the small notes which have recently been issued should be withdrawn and replaced by 5fr. and 10fr. notes of its own.

A CONFERENCE of London working men, according to the *Daily News*, will shortly assemble, in order to agree upon a plan of combined action with a view to the more efficient representation of the working classes in the House of Commons.

THE hankering of France after the Rhine and Belgium (says the *German Correspondent*) is every day receiving fresh confirmation. At the same time it is becoming more and more apparent that the independence of Belgium has been as practically protected by Prussia as it was guarded in theory by England.

THE Duke d'Aumale called on M. Thiers on Saturday and asked to be released from the engagement he entered into at the commencement of the session, not to sit in the Chamber, as he has now obtained 37,000 signatures in the department of the Oise to a petition praying that he may be allowed to take his seat. M. Thiers refused the request. The Duke thereupon sent in his resignation to M. Grévy. He will, of course, stand again, and will no doubt be returned.

A GREAT meeting of operative bleachers was held at Bolton on Saturday evening, to celebrate the coming into force on New Year's-day of the Act for further limiting the hours of labour in bleach and print works. It was stated in a report that in print works alone the Act would affect upwards of 1,000 children between the ages of eight and thirteen, 7,000 between the ages of thirteen and eighteen, and 3,000 women over eighteen. Mr. Charley, M.P., was amongst the speakers.

THE *Cotton Supply Reporter* directs attention to the trials of cotton-gins which have just been commenced in Manchester, and says:—"This important experiment, initiated in the interests of the trade by Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India in Council, has been placed under the special charge of Dr. Forbes Watson, reporter on the products of India, and we are confident that it will be so conducted as to ensure valuable and beneficial results. Every possible means has been taken to afford to the makers of the various machines put upon trial 'a fair field and no favour.' The experiments, which we fully believe will be conducted with the most rigid impartiality, may be witnessed by those who take any interest in their progress and results. A committee has been appointed by the Cotton Supply Association to co-operate in carrying out the programme, and to endeavour to secure its full and faithful observance. A new department, organised for the ostensible purpose of developing and improving Indian agriculture, has now fairly started on its course. Should it be the means, amongst other things, of increasing and improving the cultivation of cotton, and should the present trials contribute to the production of better cleaning machinery, the Government will have succeeded in conferring incalculable benefits, and will be entitled to lasting gratitude."

A NEW saddle has been approved by the War Office authorities for the use of the cavalry and artillery. The cantle is entirely done away with, the arches are made of iron instead of wood, and the valise can be just as easily secured as it has hitherto been to the cantle. The weight of the old saddle was considerably greater than the present pattern.

"LOOKING at our financial position from every point of view," says *L'Economista d'Italia*, "we have come to the conclusion that the necessary expenses of the kingdom will amount to at least 100 millions more than at present before we can meet all our engagements, and, to enable us to do this effectually, our income ought to be increased by 150 millions, if we wish to establish an equilibrium."

THE state of Cuba is the subject of much discussion in Madrid. At a Cabinet Council, in which the affairs of that island were discussed for some hours, the King is said to have expressed a wish himself to proceed to Cuba to try and effect the work of pacification. There was a rumour that England and the United States have announced by telegraph their intention to intervene in view of the failure of Spain to effect a reconciliation.

THE *North German Gazette*, with regard to the occurrence at Rio Janeiro, states that German reports prove a premeditated attack on the crew of the *Nymph*, with the connivance of the Brazil police, and under the instigation of resident Frenchmen. The *Gazette* considers a searching inquiry into the circumstances imperative, and adds that the German Government would be but too glad if there were not patent grounds for insisting on satisfaction.

THE first of an annual series of national music meetings will be held at the Crystal Palace in June, 1872, when prizes will be offered for public competition. As the challenge prize is to be a work of ornamental art of the value of 1,000 guineas, it may be presumed that Germany, Italy, and France will send representative musicians to take part in the contest for supremacy. The musical director is to be Mr. Willert Beale.

ADVICES from Havana to the 18th ult. state that "the Government has recently made, and continues to make, arrests of persons more or less implicated in the rebellion in this island. The prisoners are sent to the Island of Pines for safe keeping. As the evidence in some of these cases is admitted to be hardly sufficient for conviction, it is considered the safest policy to remove the accused to some other point, and avoid the agitation and disturbance likely to be caused by their trial in the courts of this city. The Consul of Sweden at this port has been banished from the island. He is charged with acting as the agent of Senor Aldama and other well-known Cuban refugees."

A WELSH Vicar has through the *Western Mail* offered a challenge to Mr. H. Richard, M.P., in these terms. "You have spoken scorn of the Welsh clergy on many occasions. As a Welsh clergyman, I now challenge you to meet me on the platform of a public meeting, in any town you may choose in Wales, that we may, under equal circumstances, discuss before our countrymen the merits of your educational policy. I also give you the option of carrying on the discussion in English or in Welsh, as may be the more agreeable to you. If you accept this challenge, I trust that our meeting may tend to the enlightenment of our countrymen, whose welfare you doubtless seek."

THE *New York World* of the 21st ult. says:—"A new deal was made yesterday in the distribution of some of the municipal offices. Comptroller Connolly resigned and Mr. Andrew H. Green was appointed his successor. Mr. Greeley has peremptorily refused the tendered office of President of the Department of Public Works. M. Gerard declined the office of School Commissioner, and Mr. England was appointed. Mr. Tweed has placed his resignation in Mayor Hall's hands, and the desire of the head of the Department of Public Works is that Mr. Bixby succeed him. The evidence taken before the Grand Jury in the case of Mayor Hall, charged with malfeasance in office, has been published. It shows that the charges of having a large bank account made against that gentleman are absurd. The Mayor is a poor man, having but 1,500 dollars in the Tenth National Bank. The Grand Jury dismisses the charge against Mr. Hall, but censures him for carelessness."

M. WEBER having submitted to the Paris Society of Practical Medicine some observations on typhus, and the employment as food, during the siege of Paris, of the meat of cattle that had suffered from aphthous affections, diarrhoea, and typhus, the *Doctor* says M. Vatel expressed his belief that the use of such food was innocuous provided it was sufficiently cooked. He had, nevertheless, observed the occurrence during that time of a large number of cutaneous diseases and of boils. He was also aware that since 1814 a prejudice had existed against the use of horse-flesh, it being considered as giving rise to hemorrhoids and boils. M. Danet observed that M. Brochin had proved that, except as regards children, no special epidemic was due to alimentation; that typhoid fever, which had prevailed in October, November, and December, 1870, was due to overcrowding; the diseases which prevailed in January and February, 1871, to the influence of cold; and scurvy in March and April to the want of fresh vegetables.

WE learn from Vienna that the new Austrian Ministry took the oath of office on Saturday. An Imperial decree was issued the same day dissolving the Diets of Upper Austria, Carinthia, Bukovina, Moravia, and Vorarlberg, and ordering fresh elections to be held immediately. The Diets are to meet on the 18th of December.

MANZONI, the Italian brigand chief who captured Mr. Moens and the Rev. Mr. Ainsley, is again at large, and the province of Salerno is in a state of consternation. Notwithstanding the many crimes which were proved against him, he was, of course, dealt tenderly with by an Italian jury, and condemned only to imprisonment for life. He soon managed to escape from his prison,

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for the establishment of a regular line of fast steamers between London and Paris for the conveyance of goods to and from those cities. It is proposed that vessels shall leave London and Paris once a week or oftener, if necessary, effecting the passage between London and St. Omer—a suburb of Paris which is becoming the seat of a large manufacturing industry—in five days. There are already numerous warehouses at that place, and branches from all the great lines of railway to the quays on the banks of the Seine.

A WORKING gardener, called Louis Bertin, has appeared before the assize court at Melun. This individual, says the *National Zeitung*, in August last—long after the war had ceased—attempted, according to his own confession, to assassinate the Prussian under-officer Kraft. The latter, who lodged in the house of Bertin's master, was seated under a tree reading. Bertin, believing, as he relates, that Kraft was asleep, noiselessly approached him, and from behind struck him several violent blows on the head with a hoe. Kraft tried to parry the blows with his hand, till his right hand was completely cut to pieces. The assassin, being persuaded that he had killed the Prussian, hid himself in a sewer and finally escaped to Paris. Kraft has recovered from his wounds, but remains mutilated. The Prussian military authorities demanded the extradition of the malefactor; this the Parisian authorities refused, but gave a formal promise that the would-be murderer should not escape punishment. Bertin himself does not deny the aggravating circumstances of his crime. The jury returned a verdict of "not guilty" on all the counts, and Bertin was immediately set at liberty amid the applause of the audience.

THE *North German Gazette* says:—"The events which have lately occurred at Brussels are of a very serious character. The most important consideration is not the excitement of the masses, or the disturbance of the public peace, even though it had assumed or should yet assume still greater dimensions. These are only the symptoms of a disease, the cause of which lies deeper. It is not a mistake to seek the root of the evil in the decomposition of those elements which have hitherto claimed the character of Conservatism. In those classes which have been considered Conservative, and in which clerical ideas are predominant, a frightful amount of moral corruption has been revealed. A thoroughly unsound speculation, or rather a wholesale series of dishonesties closely connected with each other, which were distinguished by exceptional boldness and unprincipled greed of gain, were rendered possible and carried out under cover of Conservative celebrity and clerical authority impenetrable to the eyes of the trusting citizens and pious peasants. Some time ago we thought it well to testify the interest we take in Belgium by giving the free press of that country, which unfortunately misunderstood our meaning, the advice to make a stand at once against the Communists and Ultramontanes, and we pointed out the affinity and common action of these two parties. We did not then name the third principle which is united to the other two: we now supply our omission—it is corruption."

VERMERSCH, the principal editor of the notorious Communist print *Le Père Duchêne*, who is reported to have found a refuge in London, has written a letter to the Third Court-Martial at Versailles—a letter which, it is said, the French lawyers consider sufficient to justify that demand for extradition which is expected to be made by the French Government. He gives a long history of the rise and progress of the paper, and takes upon himself all the responsibility. This is done with the object of exculpating Humbert, who is in custody.

IN the Diet at Pesth on Saturday, the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Justice replied to a question respecting the arrest and expulsion of some working men. The investigation which had been made showed that the members of the Working Men's Union in Pesth were connected with the International Society and the Paris Commune, and sought to bring about the overthrow of the existing form of government in Hungary by inducing the military to break their oaths of allegiance, and by occupying open citadels.

A REPORT to the Common Council by a committee shows that the legal steps taken by the City Solicitor in regard to Epping Forest have had the salutary effect of stopping any further attempts at encroachment. The committee commend the introduction of a bill giving the Corporation power to acquire the existing rights of lords and others in Epping Forest, so that it may be dedicated to and maintained for ever for the use of the people.

THE post of Assistant Curator in the National Gallery has become vacant by the death of Mr. John Peter Wildsmith. It is in the gift of the Royal Academicians.

ROSWICK'S CUSTARD POWDER is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc-Mangés, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all confectioners in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins.

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—MR. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon-Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and MANUFACTURER of a new system of Patent TEETH ON SOFT GUMS, and, he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth at one-third the usual charges. Single teeth from 6d. each; Sets of 12 teeth from 4s. 6d. each. Perfectly fitted at one visit from 4s. 10s., including all charges. Consultation free. (164) Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m.

MR. EDGAR, Bath Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, writes to Sir James Esdaile, November 21, 1869:—"Your kind letter cannot express my thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful she has ever applied. The relief experienced was in fact instantaneous. Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all new pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homoeopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, W. and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 10d. and 2s. each.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—In general debility, mental depression, and nervous irritability there is no medicine which operates so like a charm as these Pills. They purify the blood, soothe and strengthen the nerves, give tone to the stomach, elevate the spirits, and in fact make the patient sensible of a total and most delightful revolution in his whole system. They may be commended most unreservedly as the very best family medicine in existence. Though so powerfully efficacious they are singularly mild in their operation, and might be given with perfect confidence to delicate women and young children. They contain not a grain of mercury or any other noxious substance, and cannot do harm. Delicate females, and all persons of sedentary habits will find these Pills a blessing. (75)

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TWO GOLD MEDALS
FOR ITS SUPERIORITY OVER
ALL OTHERS.
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DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA.
 The best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for ladies, children, and infants. DINNEFORD & CO., 179, New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.
 Use Dinneford's Friction Gloves and Belts. [235]

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 At Home daily. Charges strictly moderate. Consultation free.
 No. 1, WEST STREET, FINCHURCH CIRCUS.
 Opposite the Moorgate Street Railway Station. [515]

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.—AGUA
 AMARELLA restores the human hair to its pristine hue, no matter at what age. J. GOSNELL & CO. have at length, with the aid of one of the most eminent chemists, succeeded in perfecting this wonderful liquid. It is now offered to the public in a more concentrated form, and at a lower price. Sold in bottles at 1s. each, also 5s. 7s. 6d., and 12s. each, including brush.

JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S CHERRY
TOOTH PASTE is greatly superior to any Tooth Powder, gives the Teeth a Pearl-like whiteness, protects the enamel from decay, and imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Price 1s. 6d. per pot.—Angel Passage, 95, Upper Thames Street, London. [509]

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
 In use the last 70 years for INDIGESTION.
 In boxes at 1s. 12d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 12s. [212]

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS
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LIVER COMPLAINTS.
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 The excruciating pain of Gout or Rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated Medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS.
 They require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.
 Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 12d. and 2s. 6d. per box, or obtained through any Chemist. [287]

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 The Medical Profession adopt MORSON'S PREPARATION OF PEPERINE As the True Remedy. Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers, THOMAS MORSON & SON, 121, Southampton Row, W., London.
 See name on label. [511]

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE
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The Committee have for many years felt the want of an Asylum, in connection with this School, for the reception and maintenance of those who, completing their pupillage, may be destitute of a home, or of a parent's support, or aged, or infirm, but still able and willing (so long as age and infirmity will permit) to continue their industrial, domestic, or other avocations.

When the Committee applied to Parliament for an Act to enable them to remove the School into the country, for the sake of a healthier atmosphere and a larger space, for extending the usefulness of the Charity, they asked for and obtained the power of an Act to enable them to receive and maintain of Adult Blind Persons.

Parliament annexed to the power the condition that the cost of any buildings to be erected for the purpose, for so far as the expense of and incident to the management and maintenance of such persons, be defrayed out of any funds which may be specially given or subscribed for that object, and not out of the ordinary funds of the Corporation.

Therefore the Committee have no fund whatever applicable to this desirable object; and the erection of an Asylum must depend, for its erection and maintenance, upon the approval and support of the Friends of the Blind.

The power conferred by the Act of Parliament has not only benefited an Asylum for those blind persons who have been connected with the School, it embraces the blind in general, among whom there are many aged, more destitute, more infirm, and in so far as they have not experienced and cannot experience the benefits of the School, are more

It was to prepare for this charitable work that the Committee obtained the requisite legal power to add an Asylum to their intended new Schools (on any land to be purchased for such Schools).

And now, having contracted for the purchase of the land, they make this APPEAL to the public for means to enable them to perform that charitable work.

The extent of the Asylum addition must necessarily be proportionate to the fund to be subscribed, but the Committee are hopeful that the response to their appeal will enable them to initiate a building sufficient to contain about fifty inmates (more or less, exclusive of attendants), and they will endeavour to make their design capable of co-extension with future increased means and requirements.

The Committee feel that the object of this Appeal constitutes its sufficient recommendation.

The persons to be benefited are the blind (the homeless, the aged, and the indigent blind), those who are incapable of earning a livelihood.

The power to receive them is in that large-hearted English sympathy which is so ready at all times, and under all circumstances, to help and soften the afflictions of humanity, the exercise of which has for more than half a century so eminently characterized the support of the School for the Indigent Blind.

The Committee have contracted for the purchase of twelve acres of land at the Caterham Junction of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway (fronting the line) for the site of the intended new Schools, and the addition thereto (if funds can be obtained) of an Asylum.

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